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The  
Mostellaria of Plautus

AN ABRIDGED ACTING EDITION

ARRANGED, TRANSLATED, AND ENACTED BY

The Classical Society of the  
Victoria University of Manchester

EDITED BY

G. NORWOOD, M.A.,  
ASSISTANT LECTURER IN CLASSICS

MANCHESTER:  
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
1908



Lp 26.439.08

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*Victoria University  
of Manchester*

## PREFACE.

THIS abridgement of the *Mostellaria* has been made with a view to its performance by members of the Classical Society of this University; it is published with a verse-translation primarily for the use of their audience, and also in the hope that others may find it useful, whether for acting or as an introduction to the writings of a highly-talented and amusing dramatist.

The text is based on the Teubner edition of Goetz and Schoell; much use has also been made of Prof. Sonnenschein's admirable edition. The abridgement has been made by the omission, not (as a rule) of whole scenes,\* but of a large number of isolated lines or short passages, many of them apparently valueless. This text, therefore, presents the whole of the plot.

At several points where excisions have been made, and where the text is faulty or incomplete, it has been necessary to alter or supply the Latin. With one exception (see Prof. Conway's note on page 83 of the text) these alterations do no violence to the meaning of the passages in which they occur.

The translation has been written by the following members of the Classical Society: Miss H. L. Chaffers, Miss A. Greenhalgh, Miss S. E. Jackson, B.A., Miss J. Nicholson, Miss E. Watson, Mr. W. T. Parker, my

\* The only passages of interest or length which have been omitted are (i.) the short scene—amusing but broadly farcical—between Delphinus and Callidamates; (ii.) the soliloquy of Simo, which explains the ill-humour on which Trucio so cleverly trades; (iii.) the soliloquy of Phaiscus and his conversation with Pinacium, a passage which is utterly uninteresting.

colleagues, Mr. A. C. B. Brown, B.A., Mr. W. J. Goodrich, M.A., Mr. J. MacInnes, M.A., and myself. The initials of each translator are appended to his or her section.

The description of the scenery and the costumes in the following *Note* has been written by Mr. J. H. Hopkinson, M.A., to whom the Society is greatly indebted for this and for other most valuable assistance.

To Dr. R. S. Conway, Professor of Latin in this University, my very hearty thanks are due for the unwearied kindness with which, in the midst of most important and varied business, he has found time to give me invaluable help with the text. Practically all the re-writing to which I have referred is his work, and the troublesome matter of scansion he has taken entirely on his own shoulders.

G. NORWOOD.

THE UNIVERSITY, MANCHESTER,  
*January 31st, 1908.*

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

*The Play.*—The *Mostellaria*, written about two hundred years before Christ, is one of the best plays of Plautus, who took as his model a Greek comedy named *Phasma* (*The Ghost*), written probably by Philemon, a celebrated poet of the New Comedy, who flourished in the last decades of the fourth century B.C. The name *Mostellaria* (*A Tale of a Bogey*) is derived from one of the most effective scenes of the play.

*The Plot.*—Theopropides, an Athenian merchant, is abroad in Egypt. In his absence his son Philolaches, abetted by a clever and knavish slave named Tranio, has given himself up to wild living. His chief escapade is to buy a slave-girl, Philematium, with whom he has fallen in love, and to give her her freedom. For this purpose he has borrowed money from an usurer named Misargyrides.

On the day on which the action opens Philolaches, with Philematium and his friend Callidamates, is sitting at table when Tranio arrives from the harbour to say that he has seen Theopropides coming ashore. Philolaches is panic-stricken, but Tranio undertakes to extricate him. The house is shut up as if deserted, and when Theopropides arrives Tranio tells him that it is haunted and induces him to run away in terror.

Misargyrides enters to demand payment of his interest, and at the same moment Theopropides returns. The slave persuades the old man to settle matters with the money-lender, and, when asked what has been done with the loan, tells his master that Philolaches has bought the house next door in place of the "haunted" one. Theopropides expresses a desire to see over it and Tranio escapes detection by telling

## 6           INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Simo (the neighbour) that his master wishes to build a new wing to his own house. Theopropides, after viewing the house with much satisfaction, sends Tranio to summon Philolaches.

While he is waiting, Theopropides sees two slaves, who have come for Callidamates, knocking at the door of the "haunted" house. He tells them that it is unoccupied, and their incredulous replies fill him with misgivings. He meets Simo and questions him about the supposed purchase of the latter's house, and is soon convinced that he has been tricked. Simo promises to lend him his slaves to catch and chastise Tranio.

The latter returns in time to hear his master giving orders to these slaves, and before Theopropides can stop him takes sanctuary on the altar. Callidamates enters to make Philolaches' peace with Theopropides. He succeeds in this, and with some difficulty the old man consents to forgive Tranio also.

*Scene.*—The scene is laid in one of the narrow residential streets of Athens. Two houses side by side form the back of the stage. The houses (very small to our eyes) are one storey high with a gable-end to the street. There are no windows, but a double-leaved door gives access to each house. The house of Theopropides is considerably the larger and finer of the two, the door being recessed so as to give a broad shallow vestibule supported by two columns. An altar stands against the front wall. Simo's house is small and mean-looking with the front door opening directly into the street.

*Costumes.*—*Theopropides*: A long *chiton* reaching to the ankles; over this a large *himation* carefully draped; sandals and a staff.

*Simo*: A poor well-worn *himation* badly put on; slippers.

*Misargyrides*: Dress similar to that of Simo; wallet.

*Philolaches*: White *chiton* reaching to the knees (with embroidered key-pattern); *chlamys* of bright colour with elaborate brooch; broad felt hat; high leather boots.

*Callidamates*: Dress similar to that of Philolaches, but (at his first entrance) very untidily worn.

*Tranio*: a short *chiton* (fastened on the left shoulder with the right shoulder left bare); slippers.

*Grumio*: A short coarse *chiton*; a rough conical felt hat; sheepskin leggings and brogues.

*Phaniscus*: Dress similar to that of Tranio.

*The other male slaves*: Dress similar to that of Tranio, but plainer and coarser.

*Philematium*: White Doric *chiton*, embroidered; a fine *himation* of soft material; sandals.

*Scapha*: A long sleeved *chiton* without embroidery, and no *himation*; slippers.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Theopropides (an old Athenian merchant,  
father of Philolaches) - - Mr. W. T. PARKER.

Simo (an old Athenian, neighbour of  
Theopropides) - - - Mr. W. ORMESHER.

Misargyrides (a moneylender) - - -Mr. G. COATES.

Philolaches (a young Athenian, lover of  
Philematium) - - - Mr. L. M'D. ROBISON.

Callidamates (a young Athenian, friend of  
Philolaches) - - - - Mr. C. THOMPSON.

Tranio (a slave of Theopropides) Mr. G. H. HEMSLEY.

Grumio (a slave, bailiff of Theopropides) Mr. L. REDFERN.

Phaniscus } slaves of Callidamates { Mr. F. SLOMAN.  
Pinacium } { Mr. F. C. SINGLETON.

Two slaves of Simo - - - - { Mr. F. H. CRAVEN.  
{ Mr. R. C. HART.

Philematium (a slave-girl purchased and freed  
by Philolaches) - - - - Miss E. WADSWORTH.

Scapha (an old slave-woman, attendant on  
Philematium) - - - - Miss H. L. CHAFFERS.

Stage-Manager - - - Mr. J. MACINNES, M.A.



*[Enter Grumio from the house of Theopropides; he turns and speaks through the door.]*

GR. Come out, you scoundrel, from that kitchen,  
straight!  
Cease prating there among the pots and pans.  
Come out, your master's plague! By heaven, you'll  
smart  
Out on the farm for this, if I'm alive.

*[Enter Tranio from the house.]*

TR. Confound you, why stand bawling in the street?  
Do you think you're in the country? Off you go  
To the farm, and mischief take you! Leave the  
door!  
Here's what you want, perhaps? Take that.

*[Beats him.]*

GR. Oh dear!

Why all these blows?

TR. Because you asked for them.

GR. I'll bide my time. Just let the master come  
Safe home, whom in his absence you devour!

TR. You clown! Have you no sense? How can you  
talk

Of eating up a man who isn't here?

GR. You town-bred lounge, darling of the mob,  
Do you call *me* a clown? Tranio, methinks  
You know you'll soon be slaving in the mill.  
Not many months from now, friend Tranio,  
You'll swell the fettered gang that tills the fields.  
Now, whilst you're free, drink deep and squander  
all.

## ACTUS I.

## SCENA I.

[*Iambics.*]

GR. Exi é culina síis foras, mastígia,  
Qui mihi ínter patinas éxhibes argútias.

Egrédere, erilis pérmities, ex aédibus.

Ego pól te ruri, sí uiuam, ulciscár probe.

TR. Quid tibi malum hic ante aedis clamitátios?

An rúri censes te ésse? abscede ab aédibus.

Abi rús: abi dierécte. abscede ab iánua.

Em: hocne uolebas? GR. Périi. cur me uérberas?

TR. Quia tu uis. GR. Patiar. síne modo adueniát senex:

Sine módo uenire sáluom, quem absentém comes.

TR. Nec uéri simile lóquere nec uertím, frutex:

Comésse quemquam ut quisquam absentem póssiet?

GR. Tu urbánus uero scúrra, deliciaé popli,

Rus míhi tu obiectas? sáne hoc, credo, Tránio,

Quod te ín pistrinum scís actutum trádier.

Cis hércle paucas témpestates, Tránio,

Augébis ruri númerum, genus ferrátile.

Nunc tibi dum líbet licétque, pota, pérde rem,

Corrupt that worthy youth, our master's hope.  
 Drink day and night, carouse like Greeks, buy  
 slaves

And set them free. Feed parasites. Provide  
 A sumptuous feast. Were these the old man's orders  
 When he set out abroad? This care for all  
 His property will please him well, perhaps.  
 'Tis the duty of a trusted slave, you think,  
 To ruin thus his master's wealth and son?

TR. Confound you, what are my affairs to you?  
 Are there no cattle left for you to tend?  
 My own back answers for my sine, not yours.  
 Just spare yourself the labour of a speech,  
 Unless you wish to get a first-rate trouncing.

GR. Do you mean to give me vetches for my oxen?

TR. Silence! and run off home. I want to go  
 To the quay to get some fish against this evening.  
 I'll have the vetches sent to you to-morrow  
 At the farmhouse. Why this staring, gallows-bird?

GR. Perhaps 'twill be your own name bye-and-bye.

TR. I don't mind that if I enjoy to-day.

GR. No doubt. But just mark this. More quick  
 by far  
 Comes trouble than the good you hope to get.

TR. Don't *you* be a trouble. Now be off; get home.  
 By Jove, I'll waste no further time on you. *[Exit.]*

GR. So he has gone, and takes no heed of me!  
 Immortal gods, in mercy grant my prayer!  
 Let my old master come back home at once.  
 Now to the farm; for yonder can I see  
 My master's son, a noble youth misled. *[Exit.]*

Corúmpe erilem spém, adulescentem óptimum:  
 Diés noctesque bítite, pergraecámini:  
 Amícas emite, líberate: páscite  
 Parasítos: obsonáte pollucsbiliter.  
 Haecine mandauit tibi, quom peregre hinc ít, senex?  
 Hocíne modo hic rem cúratam offendét suam?  
 Hocíne boni esse offícium serui exístumas,  
 Vt erí sui corrúmpat et rem et fílium?  
 TR. Quid tibi, malum, me aut quíd ego agam curátios?  
 An rúri, quaeso, nón sunt quos curés bouis?  
 Mei térgi facio haec, nón tui, fidúcia.  
 Orátionis óperam compendí face,  
 Nisi té mala re mágna mactarí cupis.

GR. Eruóm daturin éstis, bubus quód feram?

TR. Tace átque abi rús: ego íre in Piraeúm uolo  
 In uesperum paráre piscatúm mihi.

Eruóm tibi áliquis crás faxo ad uillam ádferat.

Quid ést quod tu me núnc optuere, fúrcifer?

GR. Pol tibi istuc eredo nómen actutúm fore.

TR. Dum intérea sic sit, ístuc 'actutum' sino.

GR. Ita ést: sed unum hoc scíto: nimio célerius

4) Veníre quod moléstumst quam íllud quod petas.

TR. Moléstus ne sis: núnciam í, rus te ámoue.

Ne tu hércle praeterhác mihi non faciés moram.

GR. Satin ábiit neque quod díxi flocci exístumat?

Pro di ínmortales, óbsecro uostrám fidem,

Facite húc ut redeat nóster quam primúm senex,

Nunc rús abibo: nam éccum erilem fílium

Videó, corruptum éx adulescente óptumo.

*[Enter Philolaches. He walks moodily about the stage and addresses the audience.]*

I've pondered and pondered  
 And inwardly wondered,  
 With lengthy reflections I've puzzled my brain—  
     If with such I am gifted—  
     I've searched and I've sifted  
 The matter all over and over again:  
 In what fashion a mortal that's born on this earth  
     May be fitly presented:  
 To what shall I liken a man from his birth?  
     Now the pattern I've found  
     (Ne'er a better invented)  
 'Tis a house that has newly been raised from the  
     ground.  
 The proof of it—listen—I'll shortly expound.  
 'Tis parents build the growing child;  
     From basement up to topmost roof  
 They rear the structure firmly piled,  
     And fain would make it weather proof.  
 While in the builders' hands I stayed,  
     A dutiful good child was I;  
 But when my true bent I displayed,  
     Straightway I spoiled their industry.  
 Came sloth, a wasting storm that battered  
     My head with floods of rain and hail,  
 Dispelled all shame, all virtues scattered,  
     And left me roofless to the gale.  
 That breach to heal I took no care:  
     Next Love's soft showers began to pour  
 That trickled through my bosom bare  
     And drenched my heart unto the core.  
 Now name and fame, goods, virtue, honour, all  
 Are fled: behold a worthless wretch forlorn.  
 How should I mend this tenement outworn?  
 My soaked beams rot, and soon the house must fall

## SCENA II.

[*Bacchiacs, cretics, and trochaics.*]

Recórdatus múltum et diú cogitáui

Argúmenta<sup>que</sup> in pectus múlta institúi

(Ego átque in meó corde — si ést quod mihi cor —  
Eám rem uolútaui et diú disputáui),

Hominém quouis rei, quando nátust,

Similem ésse arbiträrer simulácrumque habére :

Id répperi iam exéplum.

Nouárum aedium ésse arbitró similem ego hóminem,

Quandó natus ést : ei rei argúmenta dícam.

Primúmdum paréntes fabrí liberúm sunt :

Ei fúndamentúm substruónt liberórum,

Extóllunt, paránt sedulo in firinitátem,

Nám ego ad illúd frugi úsque ét probús fui,

In fabrorúm potestáte dum fui.

Póstea, quom inmigraui Ingenium in meúm,

Pérdidi operám fabrorum slico oppidó.

Vénit ignáua : éa mi tempestás fuit,

Mi aduéntu suó grándinem ímbremque áttulít.

Haéc uerecúndiam mi ét uirtutís modum

Déturbauitque detéxitque a me slico.

Póstilla optígere ea néglégens fui :

Contínuo pró ímbre amor aduenit párietesque pérluit.

Is úsque in pectus pérmanauit pérmadefecit cór meum.

Núnc simul rés, fides, fáma, uirtús, decus

Lubet potare, amáre, scorta dúcere :

Désuerúnt : égo sum in úsum fáctus nímio néquior.

Atque édepol putent úmide haec ita tígna, non uideór mihi

Sarcíre posse aedés meas, quin tótæ perpetuáé ruant,

Past all repair, ay, tumble from the height  
 To its foundation: none can help my plight.  
 My heart aches, when I think what now  
     I am, what was in days gone by!  
 No lustier lad was then, I vow,  
     The quoit, the spear, the ball to ply,  
 To ride or run, in every feat.  
 Ah me! Then life was passing sweet!  
 Then thrift and hardihood to all I taught;  
 Then all the best from me their model sought;  
 Now, thanks to my own wicked ways, a thing of  
     nought. W. J. G.

*[Enter Philematium and Scapha, the latter carrying articles of the toilet, which she arranges on a table.]*

PHILE. Oh, what a lovely bath, Scapha! It's never  
     been so nice  
 For ages, and I feel *so* fresh!  
     SC. And hay's gone down in price.  
 How things do happen!  
     PHILE. What have hay and prices got to do  
 With soap and water?  
     SC. Well, I think, about as much as *you*  
 Concern yourself with *making* hay in sunshine,  
     silly girl!

*[Enter Philolaches, who hides. During most of this scene his remarks are uttered aside.]*

PHILO. O Queen of love! This is the storm that's  
     put me in a whirl!  
 My modesty, that was my roof, is shattered by the  
     gale;  
 Upon my undefended breast the showers of passion  
     hail.  
 No mending now! The walls decay; the house is  
     toppling down.

Cum fúndamento périerint, nec quísqum esse auxilió  
queat.

Cór dolet, quóm scio ut núnc sum atque út fui :

Quó neque indústrior dé iuventúte erat

Árte gymnástica díscó, hastis, pilá

Cúrsu, armis, equó. uíctitabám uolúp.

Pársimonia ét durítia díscipulínae aliís eram :

Óptumí quique éxpetébant á me dóctrinám sibi.

Núnc, postquám nilí sum, id uéro meópte ingénio répperi.

## SCENA III.

[*Iambic tetrameter catalectic.*]

PHILE. Iam pridem ecaster frígida non láui magis  
lubénter,

Nec quóm me melius, méa Scapha, rear ésse deficátam.

SC. Eúéntus rebus ómnibus, uelut hórno messis mágna,

Fuit. PHILE. Quíd ea messis áttinet ad meám laua-  
tiónem ?

SC. Niló plus quam lauátio tua ad méssim. PHILO.

Oh Vénus uenústa,

Haec illast tempestás meá, mihi quae modestiam ómnem

Detéxit tectus quá fui, quom míhi Amor et Cupido

In péctus perpluít meum : neque iam úmquam optígere  
póssum.

Q1 Mádent iam in córde párietés : períere haec óppido aédis.



PHILE. Do look, Scapha, and tell me how you like me  
in this gown.

I long to charm my Philolaches, the master I adore.

SC. Your pretty ways have greater charms than all  
you ever wore.

A lover never looks at clothes; the face is all they  
view.

PHILO. A pretty wit, upon my soul! She knows a  
thing or two.

The ways and thoughts of lovers are to her an open  
book.

PHILE. See here!

SC. Well?

PHILE. Just examine me and tell me how I  
look.

SC. You've such a pretty face that nothing *can* look  
wrong on you!

PHILO. For that compliment, good creature, some-  
thing handsome is your due.

You shan't give praise to her I love without a  
recompense.

PHILE. No flattery, I beg you!

SC. You have very little sense.

Do you prefer abusive lies to praises that are true?

Well, I'd much rather people lied and made a great  
to-do

About my charms, than told the truth and said I  
was a fright.

PHILE. But I hate lies and want the truth; the truth  
is my delight.

SC. Well, I can't make you out! You've wit; you're  
very wide-awake,

And yet you play the fool like this!

PHILE. Please show me my mistake.

PHILE. Contémpla, amabo, méa Scaphá, satin haec me  
uestis déceat.

Volo mé placere Phlólachí, meo océlló, meó patróno.

SC. Quid tú te exornas, móríbus lepidís quom lépida  
túte's?

Non uéstem amatorés amant muliéris, sed uestis fátum.

PHILO. Ita mé di amént, lepidást Scaphá: sapít scelesta  
múltum.

Vt lépide omnes morés tenet senténtiasque amántum.

PHILE. Quid núnc? SC. Quid est? PHILE. Quin  
me áspice et contémpla, ut haec me déceat.

137 SC. Virtúte formae id éuenit, te ut déceat quicquid hábeas.

PHILO. Ob hóc uerbum ergo té, Scaphá, donábo hodie  
égomet áliqui,

Neque pátiar te istanc grátiis laudásse, quae placét mi.

PHILE. Nolo ógo te adséntarí mihí. SC. Nimis túqui-  
dem stúlta's mulier.

Eho, máuis ustuperáriór falsó quam uéro extólli?

Equidém pol uel falsó tamen laudári multo málo,

Quam uéro culpari aut meám speciem álios ínridére.

PHILE. Ego uérum amo: uerúm uolo dicí mihí: mén-  
dacem ódi.

SC. Equidém pol miror tám catam, tam scitam te ét bene  
dóctam

147 Nunc stúltam stulte fácere. PHILE. Quín mone quaéso  
siquid érró.

SC. Mistake? Why, this. You fix your love on  
Philolaches alone;

When other men come wooing you your heart is like  
a stone.

Until you've got a husband, miss, keep *two* strings  
to your bow.

PHILO. Ye gods! I harbour in my house my own  
most deadly foe!

May heaven destroy me utterly,—yes, may I die  
accurst,

If I don't slay that wretched hag with famine, cold,  
and thirst!

PHILE. Oh, Scapha, don't instruct me ill.

SC. Why, sure you must be blind,  
If you suppose that he'll be true and never change  
his mind.

I warn you now—he'll give you up; with time his  
love will fade.

PHILE. I hope not.

SC. You'll be undeceived, for hope's a lying jade.  
Well, listen! If my kindly words of warning aren't  
believed,

Let facts convince you. Hear my tale, and how I  
was deceived.

I once was wooed as you are now, and loved but one  
man's name;

Yet soon he had deserted me. Your fate will be  
the same.

PHILO. Vile temptress! I can't hold myself! I'll  
tear her limb from limb!

PHILE. My lover freed me with his gold, and I belong  
to him.

His love alone I must accept and so his kindness  
meet.

PHILO. Immortal gods! A charming girl! How  
modest and discreet!

I've acted wisely; I rejoice I'm ruined for her sake.

SC. Tu ecástor erras, quae quidem illum expéctes unum  
atque illi

Morém praecipue sic geras atque álios aspernére.

Matrónae, non puéllarumst unum ínseruire amántem.

PHILO. Pro Iúppiter, nam quód malum uorsátur meá  
domi illud?

Di deaque omnes me péssumis exémplis interfícient,

Nisi ego illam anum interfécero sití fameque atque álgu.

PHILE. Nolo égo mihi male té, Scaphá, praecipere.

SC. Stulta's pláne,

Quae illúm tibi aeternúm putés fore amicum et béne-  
uoléntem.

Moneo égo te: te ille désérét aetáte et sátiétáte.

PHILE. Non spéro. SC. Inspérata áccidúnt magis saepe  
quam quae spéres.

Postrémo, si dictís nequis perdúci ut uera haec crédas

Mea dícta, ex factis nósce rem: uide quae sim, et quae  
fui ánte.

Nilo égo minus quam nunc tu amáta uní modo géssi  
mórem,

Qui pósteá me déseruít: tibi idém futurum crédo.

PHILO. Vix cóprimor, quin ínnolem illi in óculos  
stímulatríci.

PHILE. Solam ille me solí sibi suo sumpu liberáuit:

Illi me soli cénseo ésse opórtere opsequéntem.

PHILO. Pro di ímmortales, múlierem lepidam ét pudico  
ingénio.

Bene hércle factum, et gaúdeo mihi níl esse híus cáusa.

SC. My word! You're stupid.

PHILE. How is that?

SC. Why all this trouble take  
To keep his love?

PHILE. Why should I not?

SC. You're now no more a slave.  
You've got what you desired; and, now, however  
you behave,  
Unless he loves you still, he's thrown his money in  
the street.

PHILO. I wish I were a quinsy, and I'd fly at that old  
cheat.

I'd seize her throat and choke her! Temptress!  
Vile pernicious jade!

PHILE. No! Now the freedom's won I sought, the  
boon for which I prayed,  
I ought to strive to please him still, and charm him  
as before.

SC. If you know you'll never come to want, that he'll  
your charms adore

For ever, constancy itself, and be your slave for life,  
I praise your mind; love him alone, and be a model  
wife.

You won't have much to marry on. Here night and  
day they stuff  
And drink, with ne'er a thought of thrift. They've  
never had enough!

PHILO. Retrenchment shall commence with *you*.  
From thrift no more I'll shrink.

For this next week you've nought to eat and not a  
drop to drink!

PHILE. You horrid thing! I'll have you whipped  
unless you cease to sneer.

Please hold your tongue until you wish to praise  
and not to jeer.

SC. Inscíta ecastor tú quidem es. PHILE. Quaprópter?

SC. Quae istuc cúres,

Vt te ille amet. PHILE. Cur óbsecro non cúrem?

SC. Liberá's iam :

Tu iám quod quaerebás habes : ille té nisi amábit últro,

Id pró capíte tuo quód dedít perdíderit tantum argénti.

PHILO. In ánginam égo nunc mé uelim uorti, út ue-  
néficae illi

Faucésprehendam atque énicem sceléstam stímulatricem.

PHILE. Eundem ánimum opórtet núnc mihi ésse, orá-  
tum ut inpetráui,

Atque ólim prúsquam id éxtudi, quom illí subblandiébar.

SC. Si tibi sat acceptúmst, foré tibi uíctum sémpitérnum

Atque illum amatorém tibi propriúm futurum in uíta,

Solí gerundum cénseo morem ét capiúndas crines.

Iam istáquidem absúpta rés erít : dies nóctesque éstur,  
bíbitur,

Neque quisquam parsimóniam adhibét : sagina plánest.

PHILO. In te hércle certumst príncipe út sim párcus  
experíri :

Nam néque edes quícquam néque bibes apud me hís de-  
cem diébus.

PHILE. Siquíd tu in illum béne uolés loqui, id loqui  
licébit :

Nec récte si illi díxeris, iam ecástor uapulábis .

- PHILO. Why, had I offered up my gold to Jupiter  
above,  
A worse investment 'twould have been than freeing  
her I love!  
'Tis clear she's heart and soul my own. I'm wiser  
than I thought.  
It seems I've bought a barrister to plead my case in  
court!
- SC. I see you think your Philolaches the only man on  
earth;  
And as I don't like whippings, let's agree about his  
worth.
- PHILE. Scapha, wake up! The hand-glass, quick!  
And pass the jewel-case.
- SC. What need? The mirror knows, like you, that  
you've a lovely face.
- PHILE. The powder, please.
- SC. And what's *that* for?
- PHILE. My cheeks are just too pink.
- SC. You might as well clean ivory by rubbing it with  
ink!
- PHILO. How witty! Ivory and ink! Well done,  
Scapha! Hurrah!
- PHILE. Well, pass the rouge.
- SC. I won't! so there! You're charming as you  
are.  
Your picture's Nature's masterpiece; why daub it  
o'er with streaks  
Of paint yourself? No stuff from pots should touch  
those youthful cheeks.  
Throw rouge and powder in the street. They never  
will be missed.
- PHILE. Here, take the glass.
- PHILO. She'll break my heart! The looking-  
glass she's kissed!  
I wish there were some stones about! That mirror's  
head I'd break.

PHILO. Eu édepol sí summo Ioui éo argénto sácruficássem

Pro illús cápite quód dedi, numquam aéque id béne locássem.

Videás cam medúllitus me amáre : o próbus homó sum :  
Quae pró me causam díceret, patrónum liberáui.

SC. Videó te nili pénderé prae Phlólache omnis hómínes :  
Nunc, ne éius causa uápulem, tibi pótius adsentábor.

PHILE. Cédo mihi spéculum et cum órnaméntis árculam áctutúm, Scapha.

SC. Quíd opust spéculo tíbi, quae tute spéculo spéculum es máximum ?

PHILE. Cédo cerússam. SC. Quíd cerússa opust nám ?

PHILE. Qui málas óblinam.

SC. Vna operá ebur átramento cándefacere póstules.

PHILO. Lépide dictum de átramento atque ébure.  
eugae, plaudó Scaphae.

PHILE. Túm tu igitúr cedo púrpurissum. SC. Nón do : scita's tú quidem.

Nóua pictura intépolare uís opús lepidíssimum ?  
Nón istanc aetátem oportet pígmentum ullum attingere,  
Néque cerússam néque Melínum néque aliam úllam offúciam.

PHILE. Cápe igitúr speculum. PHILO. Eí mihi mísero : sáuium speculó dedit.

Nímis uelim lapidém, qui ego ílli spéculo dimminuám caput.



PHILE. Well, scent then? You'll allow me that?

SC. Another bad mistake!

PHILE. Why so?

SC. A lady's scented best when there's no scent at all.

PHILO. What vast experience of life! But this begins to pall.

[*Coming forward.*] What do you here?

PHILE. Adorn myself to please you.

PHILO. There's no need;

You always do. [*To Scapha.*] Remove these things and go inside with speed. [*Exit Scapha.*]

My Philematium, I've come to sit with you and dine.

PHILE. With all my heart, my dearest love! Your will is ever mine.

PHILO. It's worth a hundred pounds, those words "my dearest love" to hear!

Accounts between us balance well, for neither's in arrear.

I have your heart and you have mine; we both the bargain praise.

May those whom our delight makes glad be happy all their days,

But be their lot unenvied, who on us with envy gaze!

[*Enter Callidamates, tipsy. He is followed by a slave, to whom he gives orders.*]

CA. I am going my friend Philolaches to see.

You're to fetch me, understand, at half-past three.

At the house where I've been drinking it was slow,

And the guests all duffers; so I thought I'd go.

Now I'm off to see my chum and taste his wine.

Is there anyone at home? [*Exit slave.*]

PHILO. Why yes!

CA. That's fine!

You're the best of friends on earth, old man, I swear!

PHILO. Callidamates, you're a brick. Come, take a chair.

PHILE. Étiamne unguentís unguendam censes? SC.  
Mínime féceris.

PHILE. Quáproptér? SC. Quia ecástor múlíer récte  
olét, ubi níl olet.

PHILO. Vt perdocte cúncta callet : sód ego nímis diu  
áfui.

Quíd hic uos ágitis? PHILE. Tíbi me exórno ut  
pláceam. PHILO. Órnatá'ssatis.

Ábi tu hinc íntro atque órnaménta haec aúfer. sód,  
uoluptás mea,

Méa Philémátium, cenare técum conlubítumst mihi.

PHILE. Ét edepól mihi tócum : nam quod tíbi lubet,  
idem míhi lubet,

Méa uolúptas. PHILO. Ém istuc uérbum ullest uigintí  
minis.

Béne igitúr ratio ácepti atque expénsi inter nos cónuenit :  
Tú me amás, ego té amo : mérito id fieri utérque ex-  
ístumat.

Haéc qui gaudent, gaúdeánt perpétuo suó sempér bono.  
Qui inuident, nónumquam eorum quisquam inuideat  
commodis.

## ACTUS II.

## SCENA I.

[*Bacchiacs, cretics, and trochaics.*]

CAL. Aduórsum uentri mihi ád Philolachótem  
Voló temperi : aúdi : em, tíbi imperátumst.  
Nám illi ubi fui inde ego éffugio forás :  
Ita mó male conuíui sermónisque taésumst.  
Núnc comisatum íbo ad Philolachém meum.

Ecquis híc ést? PHILO. Adést. CAL. Eú, Philólachés.  
Sálue, amícissime mí ómnium hómínúm.

PHILO. DÍ te amént. áccuba, Cállidámátés.

*[They sit and drink. Enter Tranio in the greatest excitement and terror. He turns to the audience.]*

TR. We are in for it now! Here's no end of a row,  
and it's all of it Jupiter's doing.

He's been using his wits, as in heaven he sits, and a  
fine lot of trouble he's brewing!

My young master and I must to hope say good-bye,  
for Fortune is fleeting and fickle.

I'm upset and unnerved, for we can't be preserved,  
though it's true we are both in a pickle.

For I've been on the quay, and what should I see  
but a portent of perilous power?

Theopropides has come over the seas! He'll be here  
in another half-hour!!

Is there anyone here whose heart it would cheer in  
my cash-box his hands to be dipping?

No shall pocket a fee to impersonate me, and submit  
to the torture and whipping.

Where on earth are those chaps who've been reared  
upon slaps and have worn their chains  
thinner and thinner,

Or those warriors bold who will storm a stronghold  
for a shilling a day and their dinner?

There's a mountain of cash for the first who will  
dash to the cross, and his courage exhibit;

And I'll pay with a will, if he'll call with his bill  
when he's nailed trim and tight on the gibbet.

G. N.

*[Pulling himself together and approaching the drinking-party.]* But am I not beside myself, or  
I'd run right off home now?

PHILO. The food is coming! Look, I say, there's  
Tranio back from the harbour.

TR. Philolaches!

PH. What is it?

TR. You and I—

PH. Well, what's the matter

With you and me?

TR. Iúppiter suprémus summis ópibus atque indústriis  
Mé perisse et Phllochétem cúpit erílem filium.  
Óccidit spes nóstra : nusquam stábulumst confidéntiae.  
Néc Salus nobís saluti iam ésse, sí cupiát, potest :  
Íta malí maeróris montem máximum ad portúm modo  
Cónspicátus sum. érus aduenit pégre : périit Tránio.  
Écquis homost, qui fácere argenti cúpiat aliquantúm lucri,  
Quí hodie sémet éxcruciári meám uicem possít pati?  
Vbi sunt isti plágipátidae férritribaces uiri  
Vél isti, qui hósticás trium númmum caúsa subeunt súb  
falas,  
Égo dabo et taléntum, primus qui ín crucem éxcu-  
cúrrerit :  
Vbi id erít factum, á me argéntum pétito praesentárium.  
Séd ego súmne infélix, qui non cúrro curriculó domum?

## SCENA II.

[Trochaics.]

PHILO. Núnc adest opsónium : éccum Tránio a portú  
redit.

TR. Phlloches. PHILO. Quid ést? TR. Et ego ét  
tu — PHILO. Quid et ego ét tu?

TR. We're lost!

PH. Why so?

TR. Because your father's coming!

PH. What's this I hear?

TR. We're done for, sure. Your father's come, I tell you.

PH. Where is he? Speak!

TR. He's on the wharf.

PH. Who says so? Who has seen him?

TR. Myself, I say, with my own eyes.

PH. Alas! And where am I now?

TR. Confound it, what a thing to ask! You're sitting at a table.

PH. Yourself you saw him?

TR. Yes, I say.

PH. You're sure?

TR. Yes, sure and certain.

PH. I'm hopeless—if you tell the truth.

TR. What profit would it bring me,

If I told lies?

PH. What *shall* I do?

TR. Bid all these things be shifted.

Who's sleeping there?

PH. Oh, Callidamates. Tranio, wake the fellow.

TR. Come, Callidamates, stir yourself!

CA. I'm stirring. Pass the bottle.

TR. Wake up! Philolaches has heard his father's safely landed.

CA. Bad luck to him!

PH. Bad luck or good, I know I'm fairly ruined!

CA. You're squarely ruined? How is that?

PH. Oh, *do* get up! My father

is coming home!

CA. Your father here? Well, tell him to go back, then.

What business had he to come here?

TR. p̄riimus.

PHILO. Quid ita? TR. Pater adest. PHILO. Quid  
ego ex te audio? TR. Assumpti sumus :

Pater, inquam, tuos uenit. PHILO. Vbi is est, obsecro?

TR. Ad nauale adest.

PHILO. Quis id ait? quis uidit? TR. Egomet, inquam,  
uidi. PHILO. Vaé mihi.

Quid ego ago nam? TR. Quid tu malum me rogitas  
quid agas? accubas.

PHILO. Tutin uidisti? TR. Egomet, inquam. PHILO.  
Certe? TR. Certe, inquam.

PHILO. Occidi,  
Sic tu uera memoras. TR. Quid mihi sit boni, si men-  
tiar?

PHILO. Quid ego nunc faciam? TR. Iube haec hinc  
omnia amolfruer.

Quis istic dormit? PHILO. Callidamates. suscita istum,  
Tranio.

TR. Callidamates, Callidamates, uigila. CAL. Vigilo :  
cedo ut bibam.

TR. Vigila: pater aduenit peregre Phlloachaé. CAL.  
Valeat pater.

PHILO. Valet illéquidem atque ego desperii. CAL. Bis  
peristi? qui potest?

PHILO. Quaeso edepol, exsurge: pater aduenit. CAL.  
Tuos uenit pater?

Iube abire rursum: quid illi reditio etiam huc fuit?

- PH. Oh dear! What *can* I do now?  
My father soon will come and find his son the worse  
for liquor.
- TR. Why, look! He's dropped his head again! He's  
fast asleep—just shake him.
- PH. *Will* you wake up? My father comes! He'll  
catch us.
- CA. Eh? Your father?  
Pass me my slippers! Let me arm! I'll make short  
work of father!
- PH. You'll ruin me. Do hold your tongue.
- TR. Just bundle him indoors. Quick!
- PH. I'm lost!
- TR. Cheer up! I know a dodge to cure you of  
your terror.  
Are you content if, when he comes, I so mislead your  
father  
That he'll not only stay outside, but fly the place  
*instantly*?  
Just go within, the lot of you, and take your baggage  
with you.
- PH. And where's *my* post?
- TR. Where most you wish. By the side of yonder  
lady.  
You shall drink inside not a drop the less as far's  
this reason matters.
- PH. Oh dear! For I am mad with fear how these  
fair words will turn out!
- TR. Now can you be of quiet mind and do as I am  
telling?
- PH. I can.
- TR. Then pay attention to the orders that I give  
you.  
And first of all see that the house at once is closely  
fastened.  
Take care that no one makes a noise inside the  
house.
- PH. We'll do it.

PHILO. Quid ego agám? pater híc me offendet  
miserum adueniens ébrium.

TR. Écce autem étiam hic déposituit cápum et dórmit;  
súscita.

PHILO. Étiam uígilas? páter inquam áderit iam híc  
meus. CAL. Áin tu? pater?

Cédo soleás mihi, ut árna cápiam: iám pol ego occidám  
patrem.

PHILO. Pórdis rem: tace amábo. TR. Abrípíte hunc  
íntro actútum ínter manus.

PHILO. Périi. TR. Hábe bonum ánimum: ego ístum  
lépide medicabó metum.

Sátin habés, si ego ádueniéntem íta patrem faciám tuom  
Nón modo ne íntro eát, uerum étiam ut fúgiat longe ab  
aédibus?

Vós modo hínc abíte intro átque haec hínc propere  
ámolímíni.

PHILO. Vbi ego eró? TR. Vbi máxume ésse uís:  
cum istác puella eris.

Nám potáte hau tántillo íntus hác quidem causá minus.

PHILO. Eí mihi, ístaec blánda dicta quo éueniant madeó  
metu.

TR. Pótin ut ánimo síis quiéto et fácias quód iubeó?

PHILO. Potest.

TR. Ánimum aduórte núnciám tu, quae uolo accurárier  
Omnium primúmdum aédes iám fac occlusae sient.

Íntus caué muttíre quemquam síueris. PHILO. Cu-  
rábitur.



TR. As if no human being lived within.

*Enter Tranio.* TR. I understand you.

TR. Let no one answer when the doors are pounded  
by your father.

PH. Well, Tranio, I hand myself and hopes into your  
keeping.

TR. It matters not a straw if man or master be the  
better. J.McI.

*[The table, dishes, etc., are carried within. Exeunt  
all but Tranio. The door is shut. Enter from  
the harbour Theopropides, followed by two slaves.]*

TH. I thank thee, Neptune, for such bounteous grace  
As brings me home again, though nearly dead.  
I'll tempt thy wave no more, upon my life;  
Or if such folly take my later years,  
I give you leave to carry out your threats.  
Avaunt, I say, avaunt! From this day forth  
I deal with thee no more.

TR. *[Aside.]* Neptune, thou'rt mad

To throw away a splendid chance like this!

TH. *[Turning to the house.]* What's this? My door  
shut fast in broad midday!

I'll knock. Within there! Quick!

TR. What man so bold

As dare come near our house?

TH. What, Tranio?

TR. Oh, sir, I'm glad to see you back again.

All safe and sound, I hope?

TH. Quite safe, my lad.

TR. The gods be praised!

TH. But you, you can't be sane?

TR. Pray why?

TH. Just this. You roam about the streets,  
And not a single soul of you keeps house,  
While I might bring the doors down with my blows.

TR. Támquam si intus nátus nemo in aédibús habitét.

PHILO. Licet.

TR. Neú quisquam respónset, quando hasce aédis  
pultabít senex.

Tránio.

PHILO. In tuam custodólam meque et meás spes trado,

TR. Plúma haud interés, patronus án cliéns probior siet.

### SCENA III.

[*Iambics.*]

TH. Habeó, Neptune, grátiam magnám tibi,  
Quom méd amisisti ábs te uix uiuóm domum.  
Verúm si posthac mé pedem latúm modo  
Scies inposisse in úndam, hau causast, flico  
Quod núnc uoluisti fácere quin faciás mihi.  
Apage, ápage te á me núnciam post húnc diem.  
Quod créditurus tibi fui, omne crédidi.

TR. Edepól, Neptune, péccauisti lárgiter,  
Qui occasíonem hanc ámisisti tám bonam.

TH. Sed quíd hoc? oclusa iánuast intérdius,

Pultábo. heus, ecquis híc est? aperitín foris?

TR. Quis homóst qui nostras aédes accessit prope?

TH. Meus séruos hícquidemst Tránio. TR. O Theó-  
propides,

Ere, sálue: saluom te áduenisse gaúdeo.

Vsquín ualuisti? TH. Vsque, út uides. TR. Factum  
óptume.

TH. Quid uós, insanin éstis? TR. Quidum? TH. Síc:  
quia

Foris ámbulatis: nátus nemo in aédibus  
Seruát, neque qui reclúdat néque respóndeat.  
Pultándo paene cónfregi hasce ambás foris.

- TR. What? No! You surely didn't touch the door?  
 TH. Why not? I've well-nigh shattered them with knocking.  
 TR. You did not knock?  
 TH. I knocked and battered them.  
 TR. Woe's me!  
 TH. What's this?  
 TR. Ah, lamentable act!  
 TH. But what's the matter?  
 TR. Language can't express  
 The blackness of your crime!  
 TH. Why, what d'you mean?  
 TR. Run quickly; leave the house. Here, sharp!  
 Come on!  
 You touched the doors?  
 TH. How else was I to knock?  
 TR. You've done for—  
 TH. Whom?  
 TR. Yourself and all of us!  
 TH. May all the gods confound you and your croaking!  
 TR. I fear no prayer can cleanse us from the stain.  
 TH. Why so? Explain the marvel that you speak.  
 TR. I say, tell yonder fellows to fall back.  
 TH. [*To the slaves.*] Fall back.  
 TR. Don't touch the house. Bow down, like me.  
 TH. I pray you, why this fear?  
 TR. Theopropides,  
 Seven months have passed since any human foot  
 Entered this house. We left it then for good.  
 TH. Why? Speak!  
 TR. Look round and see that no one hears.  
 TH. All's safe.  
 TR. A frightful deed has here been done.  
 TH. What? I don't understand.  
 TR. I say again—  
 Crime, long ago, in ancient days of old!  
 TH. Of old?  
 TR. Just lately we discovered it.

- TR. Eho, an tú tetigísti has aédis? TH. Cur non  
tángerem  
Quin púltando, inquam, paéne confregí foris.
- TR. Tetigístin? TH. Tétigi, inquam, ét pultai.  
TR. Váh. TH. Quid est?
- TR. Male hércle factum. TH. Quid est negóti? TR.  
Nón potest  
Dicí quam indignum fácinus fécisti ét malum.
- TH. Quid iám? TR. Fuge óbsecro átque abscede ab  
aédibus:  
Fuge húc, fuge ad me própius. tétigístin foris?
- TH. Quo módo pultáre pótui, sí non tangerem?
- TR. Occidisti hercle — TH. Quém mortalem? TR.  
omnis tuos.
- TH. Di té deaeque ómnis fáxint cum istoc ómine —
- TR. Metuó, te atque istos éxpiare ut póssies.
- TH. Quam ob rem? aút quam subito rém mihi ad-  
portás nouam?
- TR. Et, heús, iube illos íllinc ambo abscédero.
- TH. Abscéдите. TR. Aódes ne áttigatis. tángite  
Vos quáque terram. TH. Óbsecro hércle, causam díe  
metus.
- TR. Quia séptem menses súnt, quom in hasce aedis  
pedem  
Nemo íntro tétulit, sémel ut emigráuimus.
- TH. Elóquere, quid ita? TR. Círcumspicedum, núm-  
quis est  
Sermónem nostrum qui aúcupet? TH. Tutúm probest.
- TR. Capitále scélus factúmst. TH. Quid est? nón  
intéllego.
- TR. Scelus, ínquam, factumst iám diu antiquom ét  
uetus.
- TH. Antíquom? TR. Id ádeo nós nunc factum inué-  
nimus.

TH. What is the crime, and whose the hand? Say on.

TR. A man—no doubt the one from whom you bought  
This mansion—took his guest and murdered him!

TH. Murder?

TR. And stole the gold his guest had saved,  
And buried him—his guest!—deep down, within.

TH. What makes you think 'tis so?

TR. Hearken! I speak.  
One night your son returned from dining out,  
And soon we all retired and fell asleep;  
When all at once (my lamp still burning bright),  
I heard a piercing shriek.

TH. From whom? My son?  
TR. Just listen, please, to me. While yet he slept,  
The dead appeared to him—

TH. In sleep, you say?  
TR. Yes, yes; but listen. Then the dead man's ghost,  
He said, addressed him in these words—

TH. Asleep?  
TR. Of course! Do you think a corpse of sixty years  
Would wait for him to wake before he spoke?

At times you're very dense, Theopropides.  
TH. I'm dumb.

TR. Then mark the tale he did unfold:  
"I am a stranger, come across the sea,  
And this is my abode; for here I dwell—  
Since Orcus would not ope the gates of Hades—  
Cut off from life too soon. The wretch I trusted  
Murdered me here—my host!—and in this spot  
Concealed my corse. He lusted for my gold.  
The curse of crime is on this house. Depart!"  
I scarce could tell you in a year the horrors  
That happen here. But list! [*The door rattles.*]

TH. Save us! What is it?  
TR. [*Pointing.*] The door!

A VOICE. Did this man knock?

TH. My blood is freezing!

TH. Quid istúc est scéleris aút quis id fecit? cedo.

TR. Hospés necauit hóspitem captúm manu —  
Iste,út ego opínor, qui hás tibi aedis uéndidit.

TH. Necáuit? TR. Aurumque éi ademit hóspiti  
Eumque híc defodit hóspitem íbidem in aédibus.

TH. Quaprópter id uos fáctum suspicámini?

TR. Ego dícam: auscúlta. út foris cenáuerat  
Tuos gnátus, postquam rediit a cená domum,  
Abímus omnes cúbitum, condormíuimus.

Lucérnam forte oblítus fueram extínguere:  
Atque ille exclamat dérepente máximum.

TH. Quis homo? án gnatús meus? TR. St' tace:  
auscultá modo.

Ait uénisse illum in sómnis ad se mórtuom—

TH. Nempe érgo in somnis? TR. Íta, sed auscultá  
modo.

Ait illum hoc pacto síbi dixisse mórtuom —

TH. In sómnis? TR. Mirum quín uigilánti díceret,  
Qui abhínc sexaginta ánnis occisús foret.  
Intérdum inepte stúltus es, Theópropides.

TH. Taceó. TR. Sed ecce, quae illi in aurem díxerit.

Ego trásmarinus hóspes sum Diapóntius.  
Hic hábito, haéc mihi déditast habitátio:

Nam me Ácheruntem récipere Orqús nóluit,  
Quia praémátüre ulta careo. pér fidem  
Decéptus sum: hóspes me híc necauit, ísque me  
Defódit insepúltum clám in hisce aédibus,  
Sceléstus, auri caúsa. nunc tu hinc émigra:  
Scelestae haé sunt aedes, ímpiaast habitátio'.  
Quae hic mónstra fiunt, áнно uix possum éloqui.  
St st.

TH. Quid óbsecro hercle fáctumst? TR. Concrepuít  
foris.

INTVS. Hicéne percussit? TH. Gúttam haud hábeo  
sánguínis:

The dead are calling me to come to them!

TR. [*Aside.*] I'm lost! I'm sure these fools will spoil the show!

I'm dreadfully afraid he'll catch me out.

TH. What are you muttering there?

TR. Back from that door?

Fly! Fly, I say!

TH. But where? You fly as well!

TR. I have no fears; the ghosts are friends of mine.

THE VOICE. Hi! Tranio!

TR. [*Turning to the house.*] If you're wise you'll hold your tongue.

I've done no harm. I never touched the door.

TH. To whom do you speak?

TR. What! Was it you who called?

The gods destroy me if I didn't think

The ghost was grumbling, thinking I had knocked.

Look here, why don't you move? Do what I tell you.

TH. Well?

TR. Veil your head, don't look behind, and run!

TH. Why don't *you* run?

TR. The ghosts are friends of mine.

TH. And yet your fears were great enough just now!

TR. Never mind *me*. I can secure myself.

[*Th. begins to run.*]

Go on! keep running! Let me see you sprint!

And call on Hercules.

TH. Help, Hercules!

[*Exeunt Th. and slaves running.*]

J. N.

[*Enter Misargyrides, the Money-lender.*]

MIS. In all my life I've never known a year

So lean in profit for a money-lender.

Viuóm me accersunt Ácheruntem mórtui.

TR. Perii: illisce hódie hanc cónturbabunt fábulam.  
Nimis quám formido, né manufésto hic me ópprimat.

TH. Quid túte tecum lóquere? TR. Abscede ab  
iínua:

Fuge, óbsecro hercle. TH. Quó fugiam? etiam tú fuge.

TR. Nil égo formido: páx mihist cum mórtuis.

INTVS. Heus, Tránio. TR. Non me áppellabis, sí  
sapis.

Nil égo commerui, néque istas pércussí fores.

TH. Quicum istaec loquere? TR. An quaéso tu ap-  
pelláueras?

Ita mé di amabunt, mórtuom illum crédidi

Expóstulare, quífa pércussissém fores.

Sed tu, étiamne ástas néc quae dico optémperas?

TH. Quid fáciam? TR. Cáue respéxis, fúge, operí  
caput.

TH. Cur nóu fugis tu? TR. Páx mihist cum mórtuis.

TH. Scio: quíd modo igitur? cúr tanto opere extí-  
mueras?

TR. Nil mé curassis, ínquam: ego míhi prouídero.

Tu ut óccépisti, tántum quantum quís fuge

Atque Hérculem ínuoca. TH. Hércules, ted ínuoco.

SCENA IV.

[*Iambics.*]

DA. Sceléstiozem ego ánnum argento faénori  
Numquam úllum uidi, quam híc mihi annus óptigit.



TR. Alas! by all the gods, I'm done for quite!  
 Here comes the usurer, who has advanced  
 The money to my master; with it he  
 Has bought and freed the slave-girl that he loves,  
 And feasted regally his chosen friends.  
 Now vain are all my tales unless I'm quick  
 To stop his speaking when the old man's near.  
 Here goes! [*He advances towards the money-lender.*  
*Enter Theop.*]

What's this? My master back so soon?  
 I fear that he has learned our goings-on.  
 I'll go and question him. Ugh! How I shake!  
 Where have you come from?

TH. I've just seen the man  
 Who was the former owner of my house.

TR. You didn't speak of what I said to you?

TH. Yes, every word!

TR. [*Aside.*] For that more wretched I!  
 He told you then the truth about the ghost?

TH. Nay, he denied it. So, good Tranio, speak.  
 Give your advice on this.

TR. I give advice!  
 Well, please you get a judge to try the question.  
 But mind you find one who will take my word.  
 You'll win as easily as shelling peas.

[*Edges away towards MIS.*]  
 MIS. There's Tranio, the slave of Philolaches!  
 A pretty pair of rogues who hold my money,  
 And neither pay it back nor give me interest.

TH. Where are you going, Tranio?

TR. To yon man.  
 [*Aside.*] I must be cursed from birth. I've had no  
 luck.

Theopropides is here, yet speak I must.  
 I am the most unhappy wretch alive!  
 To right and left they fill me with despair!  
 Well, it must be. [*Advances towards MIS.*]

TR. Nunc pól ego perii pláne in perpetuóm modum.  
 Danísta adest, qui dédit ero árgentúm meo,  
 Qui amícast empta quóque conuiuás alit.  
 Manufésta res est, nlsi quid occurró prius,  
 Ne hóc senex rescíscat. ibo huic óbuiam.  
 Sed quídnam hic sese tám citó recipít domum?  
 Metuó ne de hac re quíppiam índaudíuerit.  
 Accédam atque adpellábo. ei, quám timeó miser.  
 Vnde ís? TH. Conueni illum, únde hasce aedis  
 émeram.

TR. Numquíd dixisti de illo quod dixí tibi?

TH. Dixi hércle uéro ómnia. TR. Eí miseró mihi:

Etiám fatetur de hópíte? TH. Immo pérnegat.

Quid núnc faciundum cénset? TR. Egon quid cén-  
 scam?

Cape, óbscero hercle, cúm eo úna iúdicem:

Sed eúm uideto ut cápías, qui credát mihi:

Tam fáciie uinces, quám pírum uolpés comest.

DA. Sed Phílolachétis séruom eccum Tránium,

Qui míhi neque faénus néque sortem argentí danunt.

TH. Quo té agis? TR. Éccum quo ábeo. — né ego  
 súm miser,

Sceléstus, natus deís inimicus ómnibus.

Iam illó praesente adíbit. ne égo homo súm miser:

Ita et hínc et illinc míhi exhibent negótium.

Sed ócupabo adíre. DA. Hic ad me it: sáluos sum:

MIS. [*Aside.*] All's well ; he comes my way.  
My hopes revive.

TR. [*Aside.*] How pleased he looks! Poor man!  
[*Aloud.*] Good-day, Misargyrides.

MIS..Good-day to you.  
What news of my money?

TR. Ah! be off, you dog!  
The instant that we meet you open fire.

MIS. This means an empty pocket.

TR. Shrewdly guessed.  
MIS. Just stop this rubbish.

TR. Well, say what you want.  
MIS. Where's Philolaches?

TR. I'm pleased to see you now.  
Your visit couldn't be more nicely timed.

MIS. How so?

TR. [*Softly.*] Come closer.

MIS. [*Loudly.*] And my interest?  
TR. I know you've healthy lungs. You needn't shout.

MIS. By Jove I will.

TR. Ah! do be ruled by me!  
MIS. Well, what's your will?

TR. Go home at once, I beg you.  
MIS. Go home?

TR. Yes, now. Return at twelve o'clock.  
MIS. Come, pay my interest. What's this foolish talk?

TR. Great heavens! Why don't you go at once?  
D'you hear?

MIS. If I'm a nuisance give me back my money,  
And then I'll go. Money will stop my mouth.

TR. Well, take your loan.

MIS. No! no! My interest first!  
TR. What's that? Have you come here to stretch  
your lungs?

Most hateful of all wretches, do your worst!

Spes ést de argénto. TR. Hílarus est: frustrást  
homo.

Saluére iubeo té, Misárgyridés, bene.

DA. Saluétó. quid de argéntost? TR. Abi sis.  
bélua:

Contínuo aduéniens pílum iniecistí mihi.

DA. Certe híc homo inánis ést. TR. Hic homóst certe  
háriolus.

DA. Quin tu ístas mittas trícas? TR. Quín quid ús,  
cedo.

DA. Vbi Phílolachés est? TR. Núnquam potuistí mihi  
Magis óportunus áduenire quam áduenis.

DA. Quid ést? TR. Concéde huc. DA. Ecquid  
faenus rédditur?

TR. Scio té bona esse uóce: ne clamá nimis.

DA. Ego hércle ucro clámo. TR. Ah, gére moróm  
míhi.

DA. Quid tíbi ego mórem ús geram? TR. Abi quaeso  
hínc domum.

DA. Abeám? TR. Redito huc círciter merídiem.

DA. Quin uós mihi faenus dáte. quid híc nugámini?

TR. Heu! hércle, nunc tu — abí modo: auscultá mihi.

DA. Moléstus si sum, réddite árgentum: ábiero.

Respónsiones ómnes hoc uerbo éripis.

TR. Sortem áccipe. DA. Immo faénus, id primúm  
uolo.

TR. Quid áis, tu hómínium ómnium tactérrume?

Venísti huc te extentátum? agás quod ín manust.

MIS. [*Shouting.*] My interest! My interest! My interest!

[*Tranio falls back and the Money-lender follows him, shouting.*]

Give me my interest upon the spot!

My interest!

TR. Interest here, and interest there!

His wretched interest's all he understands.

He is in truth the vilest beast I've seen!

TH. [*Coming forward.*] Tell me, what is this interest he seeks?

TR. [*Aside to MIS.*] See, there's his father just returned from travel.

You'll get from him your loan and interest too.

Don't make yourself a nuisance. Cease to plague us.

He won't be backward.

MIS. What he gives I'll take.

TH. [*To Tranio.*] See here!

TR. Your will?

TH. [*Pointing to MIS.*] Who's that? What seeks he here?

Why does he call for Philolaches, and why

Brawls he with you? What sum is owing to him?

TR. He's a beast. I pray you, pitch some money at him.

TH. What, I?

TR. Yes, you. Just pelt his face with money.

MIS. If the blows are golden I will risk a bruise.

TR. You hear him? Tell me, isn't he by nature

The pattern of a money-lending rogue?

TH. What money's this?

TR. In brief, your son *does* owe him

A little.

TH. How much?

TR. Say a hundred pounds.

Not much you'll own.

DA. Cedo faénus, redde faénus, faenus réddite.

Datúrín estis faénus áctutúm mihi?

Datúr faénus mihi? TR. Faénus illic, faénus hic.

Nescít quidem nisi faénus fabulárier

Vnóse: néque ego taétríorem béluam

Vidísse me umquam quémquam quam te cénseo.

TH. Quod illúc est faenus, ópsecró, quod illíc petit?

TR. Pater éccum aduenit pégre non multó prius

Illús: ís tibi et faénus et sortém dabit:

Ne incónciliáre quíd nos porro póstules.

Vide núm moratur. DA. Quín feram, síquíd datur.

TH. Quid aís tu? TR. Quid uis? TH. Quís illic ést?

quid illíc petit?

Quid Phílólachétem gnátum compellát meum

Sic ét praesenti tibi facit conúscium?

Quid illí debetur? TR. Obsecro hercle, tú iube

Obícere argéntum ob ós impurae béluae.

TH. Iubeám —? TR. Iube hómini argénto os uerbe-  
rárier.

DA. Perfácile ego íctus pérpetíor argénteos.

TR. Audín? uidetur, óbsecro hercle, idóneus,

Danísta qui sit, génus quod ínprobíssimumst?

TH. Quod illúc argentumst? TR. Est — huic debet  
Phílólaches

Paulúm. TH. Quantillum? TR. Quási quadragintá  
minas.

- TH. Oh no! The merest trifle!  
But then I understand there's interest too.
- TR. In all, we owe a hundred pounds and ten.  
That's loan and interest.
- MIS. Yes; I ask no more.
- TR. I'd like to hear you ask a farthing more!  
[*To Theop.*] Promise to pay. Get rid of him.
- TH. I promise?
- TR. Yes! yes!
- TH. What? I?
- TR. Yes, you! Obey me, quick!  
Promise, I say; I bid you!
- TH. Answer me.
- Where has the money gone?
- TR. It's safe.
- TH. If so,  
Pay him yourselves.
- TR. Your son has bought a house.
- TH. A house!
- TR. A house.
- TH. Well done my Philolaches!  
How like his father! Already fond of business!
- TR. For since this place was such as you have heard,  
Straightway he went and bought another house.
- TH. A house!
- TR. A house. And guess what kind of house!
- TH. How can I know?
- TR. Ah!
- TH. Well?
- TR. Nay, don't ask me.
- TH. Come, come!
- TR. It's splendid—gorgeousness itself!
- TH. Well done! Well done! But tell me, what's the  
price?
- TR. Two hundred each from you and me would pay it.  
And as a pledge we paid a hundred down.

Ne sáne id multum cénseas. TH. Paulum íd quídemst?

Adeo étiam argénti faénus creditum aúdio.

TR. Quattúor quadraginta illi debentúr minae.

Et sórs et faenus. DA. Tántumst: nilo plús peto.

TR. Velím quidem hércle ut úno nummo plús petas.

Dic té daturum, ut ábeat. TH. Égon dicám dare?

TR. Dic. TH. Égone? TR. Tu ípsus. díe modo:  
auscultá mihi.

Promítte, age ínquam: ego iúbeo. TH. Réspóndé  
mihi:

Quid eóst argento fáctum? TR. Saluomst. TH. Sól-  
uite

Vosmét igitúr, si sáluomst. TR. Aedis fílius

Tuos émit. TH. Aedis? TR. Aédis. TH. Euge, Phí-  
lolachés

Patríssat: íám homo in mórcatura uórtitur.

TR. Nam póstquam haec aedis íta erant út dixí tibi,  
Contínuost álias aédis mercatús sibi.

TH. Ain tu aedis? TR. Aedis ínquam. sed scín  
quóíusmodi?

TH. Qui scíre possum? TR. Váh. TH. Quid ést?  
TR. Ne mé roga.

TH. Nam quíd íta? TR. Spéculocláras, candorém  
merum.

TH. Bene hércle factum. quíd, eas quánti déstínat?

TR. Taléntis magnis tótídem quót ego tú sumus.

Sed úrraboni has dédit quadragintá minas.



TH. Well done! Well done!

MIS. [*Coming forward.*] I say! It's nearly twelve!

TR. Dismiss this brute before he proves our death.

TH. [*To MIS.*] My friend, henceforth your dealings are with *me*.

MIS. Then I'll apply to you.

TH. Yes. Come to-morrow.

MIS. Content! I'm off. To-morrow suits me well.

[*Exit.*]

TH. Where is this house that Philolaches has bought?

TR. [*Aside.*] Alas! I'm done for!

TH. Aren't you going to answer?

TR. Yes, but—I can't recall the owner's name.

TH. Come, think!

TR. I've got it! It's the man next door  
Who sold your son his house.

TH. Is it all right?

TR. Oh yes! All right—if you are going to pay.

But if you're not, then, I'm afraid, all wrong.

Is not the house well placed?

TH. Extremely well.

I must see over it. Knock at the door,  
Tranio, and get someone to come outside.

TR. Checkmate once more! Now I can see no move.

The game is up!

TH. Call someone out at once,  
To show us round.

TR. But, sir, there are some ladies.  
First we must ask if they consent or not.

TH. That's well and rightly said. Go first and ask.

While you're within I'll wait for you out here. [*Exit.*]

TR. Ye gods and all ye powers that dwell in heaven

Confound this man who ever foils my schemes!

[*Simo appears at the door of his house.*]

What luck! Here comes the master of this house.

'Tis Simo. First I'll have a word with him.

H. L. C.

- TH. Bene hércle factum. DA. Heus, iam ádpetit  
merídies.
- TR. Absólue hunc quaeso, uómitu ne híc nos éncet.
- TH. Aduléscens, mecum rém habe. DA. Némpe aps  
té petam.
- TH. Petitó cras. DA. Ábeo: sát habeó, si orás fero.
- TH. Qua in régione ístas aédis emit fílius?
- TR. Ecce aútem perii. TH. Dícisne hoc quod té  
rogo?
- TR. Dicám: sed nomen dómini quaero quíd siet.
- TH. Age, cómmiscere. TR. Á uicino hoc próxumo  
Tuos émit acdis fílius. TH. Bonán fide?
- TR. Siquidém tu argentum réddíturu's, túm bona.  
Si réddíturus nó n es, non emít bona.  
Non ín loco emit pérbono? TH. Immo in óptumo.  
Cupio hércle inspícere hasce aédis. pultadúm fores  
Atque éuoca áliquem íntus ad te, Tránio.
- TR. Ecce aútem perii. núnc quid dicam néscio.  
Manufésto téneor. TH. Euocádum aliquem ócius,  
Roga círcumducat. TR. Heús tu, at híc sunt mú-  
lieres:
- Vidéndumst primum, utrum eaé uelintne an nó n  
uelint.
- TH. Bonum aéquomque oras. í, percontare ét roga:  
Ego híc tantisper, dum éxis, te opperiár foris.

## ACTUS III.

## SCENA I.

(*Iambics, cretics, and trochaics.*)

- TR. Di té, deaeque omnis fúnditus perdánt, senex:  
Itá mea consilia úndique oppugnás male.  
Eugae óptume éccum acdíum dominús foras  
Simó progreditur íntus. iam uirum ádloquar.

TR. I'll board him. Blessings on you, worthy Simo!

SI. My greetings, Tranio. TR. How's your health?

SI. 'Tis fair:

What would you? TR. Wring an honest hand.

SI. My thanks

For praise so friendly. TR. Well deserved, I trow.

SI. Sirrah, but you're an ill-deserving slave.

A dainty life you lead here, by my faith,

With wine and victuals, fish from every sea,

All of the best. TR. Nay, there was once a life:

But now we're scanted of the common pittance.

SI. How so? TR. We're utterly undone, good Simo.

SI. Out on you! Up to this you've had the best

Of all good fortune. TR. True, sir, I admit

We've lived a merry life just to our taste:

But, Simo, now the breeze has failed our ship—

SI. What's chanced? TR. The worst. SI. Your ship  
that stood but now

So safely dock'd? TR. Oh! oh! SI. Well?

TR. Help, I'm lost!

SI. How? TR. Comes a ship to shatter our ship's  
hull.

SI. Tranio, my heart's with you: but what's ado?

TR. My master's back from Egypt. I beseech you,

Don't tell him Simo. SI. Fear not: I'll be dumb.

TR. Hail, patron! SI. Truce! such followers I shun.

TR. Now, mark you, our old master sent me here—

SI. First tell me this, and nothing hide from me:

Has your old master scented what's afoot?

TR. Never a whit. SI. Or chidden his young son?

TR. All's fair as fairest sky on summer day.

But now he's bidden me to crave your leave

That you will let him view this house of yours.

SI. It's not for sale. TR. I know it: but my lord

In his own home would build a lady's bower,

And thereto alleys, baths, and colonnade.

Accedám. — dí te amént plúrumúm, Simó.

SI. Sáluos sís, Tránió. TR. Vt ualés. SI. Nón malé.  
Quíd agís? TR. Hóminem óptumúm téneo. SI. Amicé  
facís,

Quóm me láudás. TR. Decét cérte. SI. Quín me-  
hércle té

Haú bonúm téneo séruom.

Músice hércle ágitis aétátem ita út uós decét:

Víno et uictú, piscátú probo éléctilí

Vítam núnc cólitis. TR. Immó uita ántehác erát:

Núnc nobís ómnia haéc éxoiderunt. [Simó.]

SI. Quídum? TR. Itást: óppido óccídímus ómnés,

SI. Nón tacés? próspéré uóbis cúncta úsque adhúc

Prócessérunt. TR. Ita út dícis fácta haú negó

Nós proféctó probe út uóluimús uíximús:

Séd, Simo, ita nunc uéntus nauem nóstram deseruít —

SI. Quid est?

Quó modó? TR. Péssumó. SI. Quaéhe súbdúcta erát

Túto in térra? TR. Eí. SI. Quid ést? TR. Mé mi-  
serúm: óccidí.

SI. Quí? TR. Quia uénit náuis, nostræ náui quæ  
frangát ratem.

SI. Velim, út tu uelles, Tranio. sed quíd negoti est?

TR. Eloquar:

Erus péregre uenit. nunc per genua te óbsecro,

Ne indíciúm ero faciás meo. SI. E me, néquid me-  
tuas, níl sciet.

TR. Patróne, salue. SI. Níl morór mihi istíusmodí  
cliéntis.

TR. Nunc hóc, quod ad te nóster me misít senex —

SI. Hoc míhi responde prínúm, quod ego té rogo:

Iam de ístis rebus uóster quíd sensít senex?

TR. Níl quécquam. SI. Numquíd íncrepitauit fílium?

TR. Tam líquidust quám líquida ésse tempestás solet.

Nunc te hóc orare iússit opere máxumo,

Vt síbi licéret ínspicere hasce aedís tuas. [senex]

SI. Non súnť uenales. TR. Scíto equidem ístuc: séd

Gynaécium aedificáre uolt hic ín suis

Et bálineás et ámbulacrum et pórticum.

SI. Why, what's he dreaming of? TR. I'll tell you true:

To mate his son in wedlock he's all haste,  
 And therefore would he build another bower.  
 Some master-builder's praised, he says, this house  
 For its design, as topping all perfection.  
 Hence would he seek a pattern, by your leave;  
 And all the more he's bent on imitation,  
 Because in summer 'neath the cloudless ray  
 Here's coolest shade, he's heard, the livelong day.

SI. Nay, marry, wheresoever shade there be,  
 From morn to eve we've still a blazing sun  
 Stands ever at the door like debtor's dun.  
 No shade with us, save in the well, perchance.

TR. Yet he would view it. SI. Let him, if he will.  
 If aught he finds to suit him, he may build  
 After our pattern. TR. Shall I call him? SI. Do.  
 W. J. G.

TR. Men laud the deeds wrought by Agathocles  
 And Alexander. Now their peer is found.  
 Unaided have I done a deathless feat.  
 These old men both I've saddled with my tales.  
 A splendid trade this is that I've invented.  
 Your muleteer has mules to carry loads,  
 But I've got two-legged asses in my service.  
 They've got broad backs; no load too great for  
*them!*

[Enter *Theopropides*.]

Well, I'd better tackle master. That's the game.  
 Theopropides! I say!

TH. Who calls my name?

TR. Your most faithful loving slave.

TH. And whence come *you*?

TR. I've performed the task you laid on me to do.

TH. Tell me, sirrah; what's the cause of your delay?

TR. Why, your neighbour was engaged. I had to  
 stay.

SI. Quid iam consomniavit? TR. Ego dicam tibi:  
 Dare uult uxorem filio quantum potest:  
 Ad eam rem facere uult nouum gynaecium.  
 Nam sibi laudauisse hasce ait architectonem  
 Nesoloquem exaedificatas insanum bene.  
 Nunc hinc exemplum capere uult, nisi tu neuis.  
 Nam ille eo maiore hinc opere sibi exemplum petit,  
 Quia isti umbram audiuit esse aestate perbonam  
 Sub sudo columine usque perpetuum diem.  
 SI. Immo edepol uero quom usque quaque umbrast,  
 tamen  
 Sol semper hic est usque a manu ad uesperum.  
 Quasi flagitator istat usque ad ostium,  
 Nec mi umbra hic usquamst, nisi si in puteo quac-  
 piamst.  
 TR. At tamen inspicere uult. SI. Inspiciat, si lubet.  
 Siquid erit quod illi placeat, de exemplo meo  
 Ipse aedificato. TR. Eon, uoco huc hominem? SI. I,  
 uoca.  
 TR. Alexandrum magnum atque Agathoclem a sunt  
 maximas  
 Duo res gessisse: quid mihi fiet tertio,  
 Qui solus facio facinora inmortalia?  
 Vehit hic clitellas, uehit hic autem alter senex.  
 Noucium mihi quaestum institui non malum:  
 Nam miliones mulos clitellarios  
 Habent, at ego habeo homines clitellarios.  
 Magni sunt oneris: quicquid imponas, uehunt.

## SCENA II.

[*Bacchiacs and trochaics.*]

TR. Nunc hinc hauscio an conloquar. congreffbor.  
 Heus, Theopropides. TH. Hem, quis hic nominat me?  
 TR. Ero seruos multimodis suo fidus. TH. Vnde is?  
 TR. Quod me miseras, adfero omne impetratum.  
 TH. Quid illc, opsecro, tam diu destitisti?  
 TR. Seni non erat otium: id sum opperitus.

TH. I can see you're still the same old dawdling dunce.

TR. Well, I can't be here and there, sir, both at once.

TH. What's his answer?

TR. View the house as you desire.

TH. You must guide me.

TR. So I will.

TH. Then let's go nigher.

TR. There's old Simo waiting for us at the door.

This transaction he's beginning to deplore.

TH. Does he really?

TR. He has asked me to persuade

My young master to annul the bargain made.

TH. No! We can't afford to pity other folk.

Were the case the other way, he'd see the joke.

G. N.

TR. Right! I mark you. There's old Simo. [*Going to Simo.*] See, I've brought my master, sir.

SI. I'm delighted, Theopropides, that you're safe at home again.

TH. Heaven reward you!

SI. Tranio tells me that you wish to view this house.

TH. But I fear I shall disturb you.

SI. Not at all. Walk in at once.

TH. But the ladies?

SI. Don't you worry; there's no lady you need fear.

Wander through the house at pleasure just as if it were your own.

TH. "Just as if"?

TR. [*Aside to TH.*] Oh! don't remind him in his present wretchedness

That you've bought the house. Look at him! There's a picture of despair!

TH. Yes, I see.

- TH. Antíquom optinés hoc tuóm, tardus út sis.  
 TR. Ego híc esse et illic potúi hau simítu.  
 TH. Quid núnc? TR. Vise, spécta tuo úsque arbitrátu.  
 TH. Age dúc me. TR. Num mórur? TH. Subse-  
 quór te.  
 TR. Senéx ipus te ánte ostium éccum opperítur.  
 Sed út maestus ést se aedis háa uendidísse.  
 TH. Quid tándem? TR. Orat út suadeám Philola-  
 chéti,  
 Vt ístas remítat sibi. TH. Haud opínor.  
 Sibi quisque rúri metít. si male éemptae  
 Forént, nobis ístas redhibére haud licéret.  
 TR. Dó tibi ego óperam: sénex illíc est. ém, tibi  
 ádduxi uirum.  
 SI. Sáluom te aduenísse póregre gaúdco, Theópro-  
 pides.  
 TH. Dí te ament. SI. Inspícere te aedis háa uelle  
 aiebát mihi.  
 TH. Nísi tibist incómodum. SI. Immo cómodum.  
 i íntro atque íspice.  
 TH. At enim múlierés — SI. Caue tu úllam flócci  
 faxis múlierem.  
 Quálubet perámbula aedis óppido tamquám tuas.  
 TH. 'Támquam'? TR. Ah, cáue tu ílli obiectes núnc  
 in aeiritúdiue  
 Te háa emisse. nóu tu uídes hunc uóltu trísti ut est  
 senéx?



- TR. Well, don't appear to feel delight. Restrain  
your joy.  
Not a word about the purchase!
- TH. Right! I understand your mind.  
Your advice is wise and seemly. What a tender  
heart you've got!
- [*To Simo.*] Well, sir?
- SI. Please to go inside and at your leisure view  
the place.
- TH. This is kind and courteous in you.  
SI. So I wish to show myself.
- TR. See the vestibule and garden-pathways! What  
d'you think of them?
- TH. On my word, extremely handsome!
- TR. And the doorposts! Take a look!  
Aren't they wonderfully massive? See how firm  
and strong they are!
- TH. In my life I've ne'er seen nobler.  
SI. Yes, by Jove, I paid for them  
Years ago a price as noble.
- TR. [*Aside to TH.*] How pathetic! 'Years ago'!  
Look, his eyes with tears are swimming!
- TH. How much did you pay for them?
- SI. For that pair I gave twelve guineas, and the cost  
of freight besides.
- TR. [*To TH.*] You're content?
- TH. The more I see them, I'm delighted more  
and more.
- TR. See that picture of two vultures cheated by a  
single crow?
- TH. No, I cannot.  
TR. Oh, but I can. There's a vulture at each side,  
And the crow is in the middle, giving them a peck  
by turns.  
Turn and look in my direction, if you want to see  
the crow.  
Now do you see it?

TH. Vídeo. TR. Ergo inridére ne uideáre et gestire  
ádmódum:

Nóli facere méntionem te háš emissa. TH. Intéllego:  
Et bene monitum dúco atque esse exístumo humani  
íngeni.

Quíd nunc? SI. Quín tu is íntro atque otíose per-  
specta, út lubet.

TH. Béne benígneque árbítror te fácere. SI. Fáctum  
edepól uolo.

TR. Víden uestíbulum ante aédís hoc et ámbulácrum,  
quofusmodi?

TH. Lóculentum edepól profécto. TR. Ago spécta  
postea, quofusmodi,

Quánta firmitáte facti et quánta crassitúdine.

TH. Nón uideor uidísse postis pulciores. SI. Pol  
míhi

Eó pretio cempti fuérant olim. TR. Aúdin 'fuérant'  
dícere?

Vix uidetur cóntinere lácrimas. TH. Quánti hosce  
émeras?

SI. Trís minas pro istís duobus praéter uecturám  
dedi.

TR. Sátin habes? TH. Vt quicquid mágis contéplor,  
tanto mágis placet.

TR. Víden pictum, úbi ludíficat úna córnix uoltúriós  
duos?

TH. Nón edepól uideo. TR. At ego uideo: nam ínter  
uoltúriós duos

Córnix astat: éa uoltúriós duos uicíssim uélicat.

Quáeso huc ad me spécta, cornicem út conspícere  
póssis.

- TH. Not a feather! I can see no crow near you.
- TR. Well then, if the crow escapes you, turn to Simo and yourself.
- Now, perhaps, you see the vultures?
- TH. No; to set your mind at rest, Nowhere can I see a picture of a vulture or a crow.
- T.R. Well, we'll drop it. I excuse you; you are growing old and blind.
- TH. What I *can* see charms me hugely.
- SI. You will find it worth your while if you go and view more widely.
- TH. I will take such good advice.
- SI. [*Calling inside the house.*] Ho there! Lad, conduct my neighbour through the apartments of the house.
- I myself would show you over, but I've business at the mart.
- TH. Nay, conduct me no conductors! I can't stand conducted tours.
- I would rather lose my bearings than be led from place to place.
- SI. To the house!
- TH. I'll go inside then unconducted.
- SI. As you please.
- TH. [*To Tranio.*] You come with me.
- TR. Yes, I'll follow. I won't let you out of sight.
- E. W.

[*Enter Theopropides and Tranio.*]

- TH. Do I like the house, you ask me. Like it? It's a paradise.
- TR. Colonnade and women's quarters? What of them?
- TH. Extremely fine.
- No one in the street, I fancy, boasts a larger colonnade.
- TR. Why, your son and I together measured every single one.

Iám uides? TH. Profécto nállam equidem illic cornicem íntuor.

TR. At tu ísto ad uos óptuere, quóniam cornicem nequis

Cónspicari, sí uolturios fórte possis cóntui.

TH. Omnino, ut te absóluam, nullam píctam cónspicio híc auem.

TR. Age, iam mítto: ignóscó: aetáte nón quis optuérier.

TH. Haéc quae possum, ea míhi profecto cúncta uéheméntér placent.

SI. Látius démumst óperae prétiúm iúisse. TH. Recte edepól mones.

SI. Eho, istum, púere, círcumdúce hasce aedis et concláuia.

Nam égomet ductarém, nisi mi ésset ápud forúm negótium.

TH. Ápage istum a me pérductorem: níl moror ductarier.

Quóquid est, errábo pótius, quám perductet quíspiam.

SI. Aedis dico. TH. Ergo íntro eo ígitur síne perductore. SI. Ilicet.

TH. Séquere hac me ígitur. TR. Equidem haud úsquam a pédibus apscedám tuis.

## ACTUS IV.

## SCENA I.

[Trochaics.]

TH. Ecquid placeant, mé rogas? immo hércle uero pérplacent.

TR. Quóusmodi gynaéceum? quid pórticum? TH. Insanúm bonam.

Nón equidem úllam in público esse máiozem hac exístumo.

TR. Quín ego ípse et Phílolaches in público omnis pórticus

TH. Well, and what's the upshot?

TR. This one's far the longest of them all.

TH. Then you've made a fine investment. Such a bargain ne'er I saw.

TR. Mine the plan; I urged him to it. You can take your oath of that!

I suggested his applying to that moneylender rogue. Hence came Simo's first instalment.

TH. Guardian angel that you are! Simo then still wants three hundred?

TR. Quite so; not a farthing more.

TH. Then to-day he shall receive them.

TR. Do so, and he can't back out.

Better still, give *me* the money—I can hand it on to him.

TH. If I do, who knows what mischief you'll be up to with the cash?

TR. Can you think I'd dare to cheat you, even in pretence or jest?

TH. Can you think I'd dare to trust you? I shall see to this myself.

TR. Master, have I e'er deceived you, since you bought your Tranio?

TH. No, but don't claim credit for it. 'Twas my caution spoiled your game.

I'll be wise enough, I fancy, if I'm 'ware of *you*.

TR. You're right.

TH. To the farm and tell Philolaches I've come home.

TR. I'll go at once.

TH. Bid him use all speed and hasten back to town with you.

TR. I will.

[*Exit Theopropides.*]

Now to seek my boon-companions, through the postern in the lane,

Here the coast is clear, I'll tell them, now the old man's moved away.

[*Exit.*  
G. N.]

Súmus comménsi. TH. Quid igitúr? TR. Longe  
ómnium longíssumast.

TH. Béne res nostra cónlocatast ístoc mercimónio.

TR. Mó suasore atque ímpulsore id fáctum audacter  
dícto,

Quí subegi faénore argentum áb danista ut súmret

Quód isti dédimus árraboni. TH. Séruauisti omném  
ratem.

Némpe octogintá debentur huic minae? TR. Haú  
nummo ámplius.

TH. Hódie accípiat. TR. Ita enim uéro: néqua causa  
súbsiet.

Vél mihi dénumeráto: ego illi pórró dénumerávero.

TH. At enim néquid cáptionis míhi sit, sí dederím  
tibi.

TR. Égone té ioculó modo aúsim dícto aut facto  
fállere?

TH. Égono aps te aúsim nóñ cauere, néquid commit-  
tám tibi?

TR. Quía tibi unquam quócuqam, postquam tuós sum,  
uerborúm dedi?

TH. Égo enim cáui récte—eam ámbis grátiam?—  
átque animó meo

Sát sapió, si aps té modo úno cáueo. TR. Tecum  
séntio.

TH. Núnc abi rús: dic me áduenisse fílió. TR. Fa-  
ciam út iubes.

TH. Cúrriculó iube in úrbem uéniat iám simul tecúm.

TR. Licet.

Núnc ego me íllac pér postícum ad cóngerrones  
cónferam:

Dícam ut hinc res sínt quietae atque húnc ut hinc  
amóuerim.

*[Enter Phaniscus and Pinacium. They approach the house of Theopropides, stare at the door, push it, and listen at the keyhole.]*

PH. Here no sound of guests carousing as they did an hour ago,  
Here no sound of damsels singing comes upon my waiting ears.

*[Enter Theopropides.]*

TH. What's the bother now? What seek these prying knaves from out my house?

Why this peeping through the keyhole?

PI. On the door I'll knock at once.

*[He knocks.]*

Hi! The door! Why don't you open, Tranio?

TH. What farce is this?

PI. Won't you open? Callidamates 'tis that we have come to fetch.

*[They beat and kick the door.]*

TH. Hi there! What d'ye think you're doing, battering on that door, my lads?

PH. Softly there, old man, and keep your questions for your own concerns.

TH. Is not this my own concern, then?

PH. No, it's not, unless perchance

You've been made a city prefect, with instructions to observe

Other people's private doings, plying tongue and eye and ear.

TH. That's my house you see before you.

PH. What's that? Has young Philolaches sold his house? Or is this fellow telling lies? An old man, too!

TH. Truth I tell. But what's your business here?

PH. You may as well learn that. Here our master's at a drinking-party.

TH. At a party here?

- PH. Híc quídem neque cónuiuarum sónitust, ítem ut  
antehác fuit,  
Néque tibícínám cantantem néque aliúm quemquam  
aúdio.
- TH. Quae illaec rés est? quíd illisce hómínes quaérunt  
ápuđ aedís meas?  
Quíd uolunt? quíd íntrospectant? PI. Pérgam pultare  
óstium.
- Heús, reclúde: heus, Tránio, étiamno áperis? TH.  
Quae haec est fábula?
- PI. Étiamne áperis? Cállidámáti nóstro aduórsum  
uénimus.
- TH. Heús uos, púeri, quíd ístic ágitis? quíd ístas aedís  
frángitis?
- PH. Heús senex, quíd tú percóntare, áđ te quae nil  
átinent?
- TH. Níl ad me attínét? PH. Nisi fórte fáctu's praefectús  
nouos:
- Quí res álienás procures, quaéras, uídeas, aúdias.
- TH. Meae sunt ístae aedís, ubi státis. PH. Quíd  
ais? án iam uéndidit  
Aedís Philolachés? aut quídem isto nós defrustratúr  
senex.
- TH. Véra dico: séđ quíd uobis ést negoti hic? PH.  
Eloquar:
- Erus hic noster pótat. TH. Érus hic uóster potat?



PH. So I said.

TH. Your jest is somewhat thin,

PH. And him we've come to fetch.

TH. Whom?

PH. Our master. Would you like to hear me say  
it all once more?

TH. Here, my honest fellow, no one lives, I tell you  
once again.

PI. Certainly this old man's mad.

PH. You're wrong, old sir, and very wrong.  
For unless he moved to-day, perhaps last night, I'm  
quite convinced

Here he lives still.

TH. Six long months have gone since man dwelt  
in this place.

PI. Rubbish!

TH. What?

PI. You're dreaming.

TH. Do be quiet, please; to him I speak.

No one lives here.

PH. You're mistaken. In this house e'en yesterday  
Could be heard the sound of riot. Since his father  
went abroad

Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, every  
day the wine has flowed.

TH. What's that?

PH. Junketings and drinking fill the place with-  
out respite.

TH. Who on earth was doing all this?

PH. Philolaches.

TH. But which one, pray?

PH. He whose father's Theopropides, I believe.

TH. If in this thing  
Truth he speaks I am undone! But I will further  
question him.

So this Philolaches, you tell me, in that house is  
wont to drink

With your master?

PH. Ita loquor.

TH. Púere, nímium délicatu's. PH. Ei aduorsum  
uénimus.

TH. Quof hominí? PH. Ero nóstro. quaeso, quótiens  
dicendúmst tibi?

TH. Púere, némo hic hábitat: nám te esse árbitror  
puerúm probum.

PI. Sénex hic élleborósust certe. PH. Erras per-  
uorsé, pater:

Nám nisi hinc hodie émigrauit aut heri, certó scio  
Híc habitáre. TH. Quín sex mensis iam híc nemo  
hábitat. PI. Sómnia.

TH. Égone? PI. Tú. TH. Tu né molestus: síne me  
cum pueró loqui.

Némo habitát. PH. Habitát profecto: nám heri et  
núdius tértius,

Quártus, quintus, séxtus usque, póstquam hinc péregre  
eiiús pater

Abiit, numquam hic tríduom únum désitumst potárier.

TH. Quíd ais? PH. Tríduom únumst haud intérmis-  
sum hic esse ét bibi,

TH. Óbsecro, quis haéc faciébat? PH. Phílolaches.  
TH. Qui Phílolaches?

PH. Quof patrem Théópropidem esse opínor. TH.  
Eí mihi, óccidi,

Si haéc hic uera mémorat. pergam pórró percontárier.  
Aín tu istic potáre sólitum Phílolachem ístum, quis-  
quis est,

PII. Yes, that house there.

TH. Lad, you're dafter than you look,  
See, perhaps you turned in somewhere to refresh  
your inner man,  
There you drank, no doubt, and just a thimbleful  
too much.

PH. What's this?

TH. Speaking plainly, know your business; don't  
come to the wrong address.

PH. I know well where I should go to, and I know  
which house this is.

Philolaches lives here, his father's name's Theopropides, and he,  
While his father stayed in Egypt, bought and freed  
a female slave.

TH. Philolaches did this, you tell me?

PH. Yes; Philematium she's called.

TH. What's the price?

PH. A hundred.

TH. Thousand?

PH. Bless your innocence! Pounds I mean.

TH. Freed her, say you?

PH. Freed her, say I; and the price a hundred  
pounds.

PI. [*Through the keyhole.*] Won't you open?

PH. What's the good of knocking when there's no  
one there?

I'll go bail he's gone elsewhere carousing. Let's go  
off ourselves.

TH. Lad!

PH. And further question we will make. Attend  
on me.

PI. I come.

TH. Are you off, lad?

Cúm ero uóstro? PH. Hic, ínquam. TH. Púere, praéter  
spéciem stúltus es.

Víde sis, né forte ád merendam quópiam deuórteris  
Atque ibi ampliuscule quam sát fuerít biberís. PH.  
Quid est?

TH. Ita dicó: ne ad álias aedis pérperam deuéneris.

PH. Scío qua me íre opórtet et quo uénerim nouí  
locum.

Phílolaches hic hábitat, quofius ést pater Theópro-  
pides:

Quí, postquam pater ád mercatum hinc ábiit, hic tibí-  
cinam

Líberauit. TH. Phílolachésne ergo? PH. Ita: Philé-  
matiúm quidem.

TH. Quánti? PH. Trigintá—TH. Talentis PH.  
*μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω, σέδ minis.*

TH. Líberauit? PH. Líberauit uálide, trigintá minis.

PI. Heús uos, ecquis áperit? PH. Quid istas púltas,  
ubi nemo íntus est?

Alio credo cómisatum abísse: abeámus núnciam—

TH. Púere,—PH. atque pórro quaeritémus. séquere  
hac mé. PI. Sequor.

PH. Liberty's a cloak for *your* back ; as for me,  
If I do not serve and fear my master, covering none  
have I.

[*Exeunt PH. and PL.*  
S. E. J.

TH. By heavens, I am undone ! What need of words !  
I've seen not only Egypt, it appears,  
But e'en to desert lands and shores remote  
My voyage has reached ; so little do I know  
Where now I stray. Ah ! now the truth I'll learn,  
[*Enter Simo.*

For here's the man whose house my son has bought.  
[*To Simo.*] What do you ?

SI. From the mart I'm going home.

TH. Aught new from there ?

SI. Aye, sir.

TH. Let's hear it, pray.

SI. I've seen a funeral.

TH. Great news, i' faith !

SI. I say I've seen a funeral. They said,  
He'd lately been alive.

TH. A truce to jests.

SI. Wherefore thus idly do you seek for news ?

TH. I come from distant shores. Lend me your ear,  
If nothing else your presence claims.

SI. Say on.

TH. Methinks you have received a hundred pounds  
From my son's hand.

SI. Methinks not one poor cent.

TH. Well then, from Tranio.

SI. Still less from *him* !

TH. Not as part payment of the sum ?

SI. You dream.

TH. I dream ? 'Tis you, who hope, by this pretence,  
To cancel what he paid.

SI. Why, what's all this ?

TH. Púere, iamne abís? PH. Libertas paénulast tergó  
tuo:

Míhi, nisi út erum métuam et cúrem, níl est qui  
tergúm tegam.

## SCENA II.

[*Iambics.*]

TH. Perii hércle. quíd opust uérbis? ut uerba aúdio,  
Non équidem in Aegyptum hínc modo uectús fui,  
Sed étiam in terras sólas orasque últimas  
Sum ércumuectus: íta ubi núnc sim néscio.  
Verúm iam scibo: nam éccum unde aedis fílius  
Meus émit. quíd agis tu? SI. A foro incedó domum.

TH. Numquíd hodie processit ád forum noui?

SI. Etiám. TH. Quid tandem? SI. Vídi efferrí mór-  
tuom. TH. Hem,

Nouom. SI. Vnum uidi mórtuom efferrí foras:  
Modo eúm uixisse aióbant. TH. Vae capití tuo.

SI. Quid tu ótiosus rés nouas requíritis?

TH. Quia hódie aduéni péregre. séd nisi quíd magis  
Es ócupátus, óperam míhi da. SI. Máxume.

TH. Minás quadraginta ácepisti, quód sciam.

A Phílolachéte? SI. Númquam nummum, quód sciam.

TH. Quid, a Tránione séruo? SI. Id multó minus.

TH. Quas árraboni tíbi dedit? SI. Quid sómnias?

TH. Egone? át quidém tu, qui ístoc speras té modo  
Potésse díssimulándo infectum hoc réddere.

TH. Ere I returned, with you he made a bargain.

SI. A bargain made with me, ere you returned?  
Nay, when?

TH. I owe to you three hundred pounds.

SI. Nay, not to me. But if you do, pay up.  
Fair play's a jewel. Don't you dare back out.

TH. The debt, I own, is mine. The sum I'll pay.  
Don't *you* deny you've had a hundred pounds.

SI. I pray you, look me in the face, and say  
What man it was gave me the sum you name.  
What mean you? Do you call me thief?

TH. My son

Paid it as earnest-money for the house.

SI. You say your son has bought my house from me?

TH. Why, yes, good sir, for so the matter stands,  
Says Tranio, who led me through your house  
Of late—as well you know, for you were here,  
And gave permission, which you'll not deny.

SI. 'Tis true I let him show you through the place.

TH. But why should I have cared to view your house,  
Had I not bought the place, before, from you?

SI. He said that you had found your son a wife,  
For whom you wished to build a suite of rooms.

TH. Oh, woe is me! I have no heart for words.  
Oh, friend, I am undone!

SI. Has Tranio

Been at his tricks?

TH. He's tricked me to my ruin.

A laughing-stock he's made of you and me.

I pray you, help me and join hands with me!

SI. In what?

TH. Come with me, pray.

SI. Why, so I will.

TH. Grant me your slaves' assistance and some whips.

S. Quid áútem? TH. Quod me apsénte hic tecum  
 fílius  
 Negóti gessit. SI. Mécum ut ille hic gésserit,  
 Dum tu hínc abes, negóti? quidnam? aut quó die?  
 TH. Minás tibi octogínta argenti débeo.  
 SI. Non míhi quidem hercle: uérum si debés, cedo.  
 Fidés seruandast: ne íre infítias póstules.  
 TH. Profécto non negábo debere, ét dabo:  
 Tu cáue quadraginta ácepissee hinc té neges.  
 SI. Quaeso édepol huc me aspécta et respondé míhi:  
 Quis ístas unquam dédit míhi argentí minas?  
 Furémne insimulas ésse me? TH. Ego dicám tibi.  
 Tanto árrabone emísse noster débeat  
 De te aedis. SI. Itane? dé me ille aedis émerit?  
 PH. Aió; quia sic se habére rem narrát míhi  
 Qui té praesente núper, ut nosti satis,  
 Me illás per acles dúctitabat Tránio.  
 Tu eí permisisti ípse, ne míhi núnc neges.  
 SI. Verumat, permisi ut tíbi gynaeceúm meum  
 Exhíbeat. TH. An ego, nási míhi ante emptaé forent  
 Aedés curauissem aút gynaeceúm tuom?  
 SI. Te uélle uxorem aiébat tuo nató dare:  
 Ideo aédificare hoc uélle aiebat ín tuis.  
 TH. Hic aédificare uólui? SI. Sic dixít míhi.  
 TH. Ei míhi, dispérii: uócis non habeó satis.  
 Vicíne, perii intérii. SI. Númquid Tránio  
 Turbáuit? TH. Immo ille éxturbauit ómnia.  
 Te lúdificatust et mé hodie indignís modis.  
 Nunc te óbsecro, út me béne iuues operámque des.  
 SI. Quid úfs? TH. I mécum, óbsecró, uná simul.  
 SI. Fiát. TH. Seruorumque óperam et lóra míhi cedo.



SI. They are at your service.

TH. Meanwhile, I'll explain  
The plot he's used to hoodwink me to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

A. G.

[*Enter Tranio.*]

TR. He who shrinks in time of peril really isn't worth  
a straw.

When my master first despatched me out of town to  
fetch his son,

Off I went along the alley to our garden on the sly,  
Then I opened wide the postern, opened wide the  
garden-gate,

Out of that I led my legion, all my man- and  
woman-kind.

[*Simo's door rattles.*

What's the meaning of the rattling, close beside me,  
all too close?

Yes, my master's there for certain, I must sample his  
remarks.

[*He hides. Enter from Simo's house Theopropides  
and two slaves, the latter with handcuffs and  
whips. The slaves remain at the door, while Th.  
comes forward.*]

TH. Stand you there within the doorway, so that,  
when you hear my voice,

You may bustle out directly, quickly put the hand-  
cuffs on.

Him, who made me look so foolish, I'll await before  
the house,

Him, whose hide will look most foolish, if I live  
another day.

TR. [*Aside.*] Yes, it's clear enough; now, Tranio, you  
must settle what to do.

TH. I must do some skilful angling, when he comes  
upon the scene.

I'll pretend I know just nothing.

TR. [*Aside.*] Oh! What deadly dodginess!

SI. Sume á me. TH. Eádemque ópera haec tibi  
 narrávero,  
 Quis med exemplis hódie elúdicátus est. ✓

## SCENA III.

[Trochaics.]

TR. Quí homo tímíduš érit in rébus dúbiis, nauci nón  
 erit:

Nám erus mé postquám rus misit fílium út suom  
 arcésserem,

Abii illá per ángiportum ad hórtum nostrum clán-  
 culum.

Ostíum quod in ángipórtost hórti, patefecí fores,

Eáque eduxi omném legiónem, ét maris et féminam.

Séd quid hoc ést quod fóris concrépuit próxima ui-  
 cínia?

Érus meús hic quidómst: gustáro ego éius sormoném  
 uolo.

TH. Ilico intra límen isti astáte, ut, quom extempló  
 uocem,

Cóntinuo exsiliátis: mánicas céleriter conéctite.

Ego, illum ante aedis praéstolábor lúdicatorém  
 meum,

Quofus ego hódie lúdicabor córium, si uiuó, probe.

TR. Rés palamst: nunc té uidere méliust, quíd agas,  
 Tránio.

TH. Dócte atque ástu míhi captándumst cúm illo, ubi  
 húc aduénérít.

Díssimulábo me hórum quicquam scíre. TR. O mor-  
 talém malum:

He's the smartest man in Athens; nobody can name  
his like.

You can't swindle *him*, don't think it; sooner from  
a stone draw blood!

[*He comes forward.*]

TH. That's right, Tranio, what's been done?

TR. The countrymen are up in town.

Philolaches 'll be here directly.

TH. You come in the nick of time.

Our friend here's, in my opinion, nothing but a  
bold bad man.

TR. Why?

TH. He says he can't remember ever having had  
from you—

TR. Can't remember?

TH. Not a sixpence.

TR. Go along, you're fooling me.

Certainly he *must*.

TH. Your meaning?

TR. Yes, I know; it's just your joke.

TH. No, he says he can't remember, and, what's more,  
he didn't sell

Philolaches this house.

TR. Can't he remember *that*?

TH. He says he'll put

All his slaves to torture for me.

TR. Rubbish! That he'll never do.

TH. Anyhow, he makes the offer.

TR. Let me meet him in the courts.

Philolaches told me his father from abroad had come  
back home;

TH. No, I think I'll first try *his* way. Yes, I will.

TR. Leave him to me;

Bid him else demand the freehold.

TH. No; my first step must be this:

I must take his slaves for torture.

TR. [*Edging towards the altar.*] That, I think, you  
ought to do.

Alter hoc Athénis nemo dóctior dici potest.

Vérba illi non mágis dare hódie quisquam quam lapidí potest.

TH. Eúge, Tranió. quid ágitur? TR. Véniant rure rústici:

Phíllochés iam hic áderit. TH. Edepol tú mi oppórtune áduenis.

Nóstrum ego hunc uicínum opinor ésse hominem aúdacem ét malum.

TR. Quídam? TH. Quía negát nouisse uós—TR. Negát? TH. Nec uós sibi

Númmum umquam árgenti dedísse. TR. Abi, lúdis me: credo haúd negat.

TH. Quíd iam? TR. Sefo, iocáris nunc tu: nam ille quidem, credo haúd negat.

TH. Immo edepól negát profecto, nóque se hasce aedis Phíllochí

Véndidisse. TR. Eho án negauit? TH. Séruos pollicitúst dare

Suós mihi ómnis quaéstioni. TR. Nugas: numquam edepól dabit.

TH. Dát profecto. TR. Quín cita illum in iús, ibo ádueniám. TH. Mane.

Éxperiár, ut opínor. Certumst. TR. Immo mihi hominém cedo.

Vél hominem aedis iúbe mancipio póscere. TH. Hoc primúm uolo,

Quaéstioni accíperé séruos. TR. Fáciundum édepol cénseo.

TH. Well, suppose I go and fetch them?

TR. Ought to have been done before.  
 Meanwhile I will seize this altar.

*[Seats himself on it.]*

TH. Why so?

TR. Can't you understand?  
 Lest your candidates for torture make a rush for  
 sanctuary.

Here in front of you I'll seat me, lest the inquiry  
 come to grief.

TH. Up you get.

TR. I won't.

TH. I beg you, don't sit on the altar.

TR. Why?

TH. I particularly want them to escape to sanctuary.

Then the court will find it easier to compel him to  
 refund.

TR. Why on earth add toil to trouble? Why not aim  
 straight at the mark?

You don't realise what perils lurk within a court of  
 law.

TH. Up you get then. Ah! there's something—will  
 you give me your advice?

TR. Yes, from here; excuse my sitting—sitting makes  
 me sensible.

Then again, the soundest counsels ever spring from  
 holiest haunts.

TH. Death and furies!

TR. What's the matter?

TH. You have cheated me!

TR. How so?

TH. Cleaned me out completely.

TR. Quite so; surely you're not shedding tears?

TH. Villain! Round that altar shortly fire and  
 faggots shall be heaped!

TH. Quid si igitur ego accersam homines? TR. Factum iam esse oportuit.

Interim ego hanc aram occupabo. TH. Quid ita? TR. Nullam rem sapis:

Né enim illi huc confugere possint quaestioni quos dabit.

Hic ego tibi praesidebo, ne interbitat quaestio.

TH. Surge. TR. Minime. TH. Ne occupassis, obsecro, aram. TR. Cur? TH. Scies:

Quia enim id maxime uolo, ut illi istoc confugiant sine:

Tanto apud iudicem hunc argenti condemnabo facilius.

TR. Quod agas, id agas: quid tu porro serere uis negotium?

Nescis quam metuculosa res sit ire ad iudicem.

TH. Surgedum huc igitur: consulere quiddamst quod tecum uolo.

TR. Sic tamen hinc consilium dedero: nimio plus sapio sedens.

Tum consilia firmitiora sunt de diuinis locis.

TH. Perii. TR. Quid tibi? TH. Dedisti uerba. TR. Qui tandem? TH. Probe

Méd emunxti. TR. Vide sis, sätine récte: núm iam lácrimas?

TH. Iám iubebo ignem et sármenta, cárnifex, circúmdari.

TR. No; I'm usually considered far more savoury  
boiled than roast.

TH. I will make you an example!

TR. Yes, I *am* a model slave.

But, I see, your son's companion, Callidamates,  
comes this way.

Let us call him in as witness of our further interview.

[*Enter Callidamates.*]

CA. When I'd buried all my slumber and had slept my  
headache off,

How at once on his arrival Tranio had bamboozled  
him;

Said he really couldn't venture now into his father's  
sight.

I'm the solitary spokesman of the confraternity;

I'm to make terms with his father. Here he comes,  
conveniently.

How d' you do? I'm glad to see you safe and sound  
from foreign parts.

You must dine with us to-night here; please say yes,  
Theopropides.

TH. Callidamates, heaven befriend you; but I must  
decline with thanks.

CA. Why not come?

TR. Accept, sir; I'll go for you, if you'd rather not.

TH. Scoundrel, mocking me?

TR. Because I say I'll go instead of you!

TH. You shan't go; I'll see you carried to the gallows  
you deserve!

CA. Settle that another time. Come with me.

TR. Say you'll go; why not?

CA. Why have you run there to the altar, clumsiest of  
clumsy clowns?

TR. He came; I was panic-stricken. [*To Theopropides.*]  
Tell us now what I have done.

Now, mark you, we've got an umpire. Come now,  
on with the dispute.

TR. Né faxís: nam elíxus esse quam ássus sóleo  
suáuior.

TH. Exempla édepol fáciam ego ín te. TE. Quíá pla-  
ceo, éxemplum éxpetis.  
Séd eccum tuí gnatí sodálem uídeo huc núnc incédere,  
Cállidámatem: illó praesente mécum agitó, siquíd  
uoles.

CA. Vbi ego sómnum sépeliui ómnem atque édormíui  
crápulam,  
Phílolachés uenísse dixit mñhi suóm peregre húc  
patrem,  
Quóque módo hominem ádueniéntem séruos lúdifí-  
cátus sit.

Aít se métuere ín conspectum suí patris procédere.  
Núnc ego dé sodálitate sólus sum oratór datus,  
Qui á patre éius conciliárem pácem. átuque eccum  
óptume.

Iúbeo te saluére, et sáluos quom áduenis, Theópropides,  
Póregre, gaúdeo. híc apúd nos hódie cenés: síc face.

TH. Cállidámates, dí te ament: de céna fácio  
grátiam.

CA. Quín uenís? TR. Promítte: ego íbo pró te, sí  
tibi nóñ lubet.

TH. Vérbero, étiam inrídes? TR. Quían me pró te  
ire ád cenam aútumo?

TH. Nóñ enim íbis: égo feráre fáxo, ut méruiisti, ín  
cruce[m].

CA. Áge mitte ísta: age ád me ad cenám. TR. Díc  
uenturum: quíd taces?

CA. Séd tu, istúc quid cónfugisti in áram hanc  
inscitíssimus?

TR. Adueniens pertérruit me. elóquere nunc quid  
fécerim.

Núnc utrisque díseptator éccum adést: age díspu[m].



TH. You have been my son's corrupter!

TR. Listen. He's done wrong, I grant,  
First he gave his friend her freedom in your absence;  
and for that

Borrowed money (now all squandered); he's com-  
mitted nothing worse

Than the normal indiscretions of the aristocracy.

TH. I must be on guard against you; you're too  
shrewd an orator.

CA. Stay a moment; hear my story. Listen.

TH. Very well, go on.

CA. First of all I'm your son's comrade (this you  
know); he comes to me.

He's ashamed to face his father, now you know what  
he has done.

Pardon him his youthful folly, I entreat you; he's  
your own.

Well you know that youth must frolic, always has,  
and always will.

I abetted all his actions, and the fault is mine  
alone.

Principal and usance, all the purchase-money for  
the slave,

I'll repay; the loss I'll answer with my credit, not  
with yours.

TH. Advocate could ne'er assail me more convincingly  
than you.

So I will forego my anger, overlooking his offence.

Nay, myself I'll bid him marry her he loves, for I  
have learned

That she is a modest maiden, and a free Athenian  
born.

DE PHILEMATIUM MORTUAM ME ET MORTUUM ET AUCTORE  
MORTUUM

FACIT MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM ET  
FACIT MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM. UT TANTO MORTUAM  
MORTUAM

NUMQUID MORTUAM FACIT ME QUAE MORTUAM MORTUAM  
MORTUAM

DE MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM  
MORTUAM

CA. TANTO MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM  
MORTUAM

CA. MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM  
ME ADI ME: MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM ET MORTUAM  
MORTUAM

PRIMUM ME QUAE MORTUAM MORTUAM ME MORTUAM MORTUAM  
MORTUAM

MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM

SCIS MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM

QUISQUID MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM

FACIT MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM  
MORTUAM

NOS DABIMUS NOS MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM MORTUAM

TIL. NOS POTUIT VENIRE ORATOR MAGIS AD ME MORTUAM  
MORTUAM

QUAM TU: NEQUE ILLI IAM SUM IRATUS NEQUE QUISQUAM  
MORTUAM

IMMO EAM ME AUCTORE UXOREM DICAT, QUANDO MORTUAM  
MORTUAM

ET MORTUAM NATAM INGÉNIO, CIUEM ET MORTUAM MORTUAM  
MORTUAM.

\* This line has been interpolated, and the preceding line altered, so as to provide an ending to the story parallel to that of the *Rudens* and other plays of Plautus. The mutilated and almost entirely abridged condition in which this scene has come down to us makes it difficult to be sure how much of the actual text is Plautus' own handiwork; and the sympathetic picture of Philematium in Act II. makes one desire, if not expect, as respectful treatment for her at the end as for any other of his slave-heroines. These considerations will, it is hoped, be counted as some excuse for the departure from the existing text.

He is punished to the full, if for his waste he feels  
ashamed.

CA. Yes, he's full of shame.

TR. Ah! *He* gets easily let off—but I!

TH. You'll be thrashed to death, you mudlark!

TR. Even though I'm full of shame?

TH. As I hope to live, I'll slay you.

CA. Let your mercy reach to all.

I will intercede for *Tranio*; let him off this once,  
I beg!

TR. Why object? As if to-morrow I shall not do  
something else!

Then, you see, for both offences you can punish me  
at once.

CA. Let me beg him off!

TH. [*To Tranio.*] Be off, then! Thank him, you  
have every cause.

TR. [*Jumping down from the altar.*] Gentles all, our  
play is ended; now we wait for your  
applause.

A. C. B. B.

CURTAIN.

Si hóc pudet, fecísse sumptum, súpplícií habeó satis.

CA. Dispudet. TR. Post istam uéniam, quid me fiét  
núnciam?

TH. Vérberibus, lutúm, caedére péndens.

TR. Támen etsí pudet?

TH. Interimam hércle ego té si uluo, CA. Fác istam  
cúnciam grátiam:

Tránioni amítte, quaeso, hanc nóxiam causá mea.

TR. Quid grauaris? quási non cras iam cómmcream  
áliam nóxiam:

Íbidem utrúmque, et hóc et illud, póteris ulciscí probe.

CA. Síne te exórem. TH. Age ábí, abi impúne. em,  
huíc habéto grátiam.

TR. Spéctatores, fábula haec est ácta: uos plausúm  
date.

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